LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

James Turner
1812

TEMPERANCE
Sine Baccho rerum!

Mountain of Misery
FORTITUDE
TEMPERANCE
Sine Ira cognita rerum.
Much ado about Nothing
The Art of Tormenting

H2549 C
Library
Department of State
CANCELLED

THE

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE;

OR THE

GROANS OF SAMUEL SENSITIVE, AND TIMOTHY TESTY.

WITH

A FEW SUPPLEMENTARY SIGHS FROM

MRS. TESTY.

IN TWELVE DIALOGUES.

---

c Beresford, James

THE FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE-STREET,
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1806.

PN6173
.B4
1806

TO THE MISERABLE.

CHILDREN of misfortune, wheresoever found, and whatsoever enduring,—ye who, arrogating to yourselves a kind of sovereignty in suffering, maintain, that all the throbs of torture, all the pungency of sorrow, all the bitterness of desperation, are your own—who are so torn and spent with the storms and struggles of mortality, as to faint, or freeze, even at the personation of those ruined Wretches, whose Stories wash the stage of tragedy with tears and blood—approach a more disastrous scene! Take courage to behold a Pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly. Dispassionately ponder all your worst of woes, in turn with these; then hasten to distil from the comparison an opiate for your fiercest pangs; and learn to recognise the lenity of your Destinies,

if they have spared you from the lightest of those mightier and more grinding agonies, which claim to be emphatically characterized as "The Miseries of Human Life;"—miseries, which excruciate the minds and bodies of none more insupportably, than of those Heroes in anguish, those writhing Martyrs to the plagues and frenzies of vexation, whose trembling hands must shortly cease to trace the names of

TIMOTHY TESTY,
SAMUEL SENSITIVE.*

---

* The above address, written by Mr. Sensitive, was heartily subscribed by his pitiable Partner in the *Firm* of Misery.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Introduction of Mr. Samuel Sensitive and Mr. Timothy Testy to the Reader's Acquaintance - - Page 1

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

Miseries of the Country - - 20

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

Miseries of Games, Sports, &c. and of Domestic Arts and Recreations - 42

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

Miseries of London - - 61

DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

Miseries of public Places of Entertainment 83

DIALOGUE THE SIXTH.

Miseries of Travelling - - - 96

DIALOGUE THE SEVENTH.

Miseries of Social Life - Page 129

DIALOGUE THE EIGHTH.

Miseries of Reading and Writing - 169

DIALOGUE THE NINTH.

Miseries of the Table, &c. - 183

DIALOGUE THE TENTH.

Miseries Domestic ; including the Dressing Room and Bed Chamber - - 207

DIALOGUE THE ELEVENTH.

Miseries Personal, or of the Body - 257

DIALOGUE THE TWELFTH.

Miseries Miscellaneous - - 281

THE

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Testy and Sensitive.

Sensitive.

WELL, Mr. Testy, and how are things going with you?

Testy. How!—why just as they always *have* gone—downwards—backwards—crookedly—spirally—any how but upwards, or straight forwards;—and, 'faith, if I may judge from the ruefulness of your visage, neighbour Sensitive, *your* affairs are not moving in a much better direction.

Sen. Better!—O, Mr. Testy! if there be any worse, you have only to suppose it for me.—But *you,* my friend!—you are, happily,

of a hardy and contentious make; and, turbid as the stream of your life may occasionally be, it presently works itself clear again by its own commotion;—while *mine* presents a languid, yet a fretting current, with just enough of agitation to collect a perpetual sediment, which it has not, afterwards, the strength to precipitate, or disperse!—In plainer language, Mr. Testy, I strongly suspect that, if we should ever come to be dissected, *you* would furnish the phenomenon of an human body, in which *the nerves* have been omitted; while *my* operator would, perhaps, discover little else.—I have a strange curiosity upon this subject—could I venture to propose, dear Sir, for the good of mankind, that we should draw up a sort of codicil to our wills, so as just to leave ourselves to Mr. Cline, to be.....

Tes.—Carved and served up to his pupils, I suppose!—thank ye, Sir,—infinitely obliged to you, upon my life, for so readily letting *me* into your benevolent scheme—though I can't say, somehow, that it seems to inspire me!—no—you are very good—very, indeed—but really—with a proper sense of the obligation all along—I seem as if I should be quite as well satisfied to remain as I am, as

long as I can hold together.—Why, what the D—l is all this "gypsy-jargon" about nerves and fibres, and I know not what, which is gaining head upon us every hour?—*Nerves!*—why, what can *you* do *more*, with all your nerves to help you, than live in a frenzy?—and what do *I* do *less?*

Sen. Compose yourself, Mr. Testy, while I proceed to tell you that *your* troubles are made of *matter*, and *mine* of *spirit;* that the body is a block, and the soul..... but, "canimus surdis;"—what do *you* know, or guess of all those finer disquietudes, those quivering susceptibilities, that feverish fastidiousness, and those qualmish, recoiling disgusts, which constitute at once the pride and the plague of this gossamer frame of mine?—*I*, indeed, by the painful privilege of my nature, am, as it were, *ambidexter* in misery; being no less exquisitely alive to *your* grosser annoyances, or tangible tribulations, than to those subtler and more elegant agonies, which are my own peculiar inheritance; for the nerves, Sir, holding, by a sort of amphibious tenure, both to mind and body, acquaint me with the whole circle of dissatisfactions.—

Let it be your comfort, then, that what you lose in .....

Tes. Death and fury! what is all this about?—One thing, Master Sensitive, you have just now taught me—and that is, that, if nerves are necessary to a boiling fit of rage, I must have my full quota of them;—yes, Sir, and in *that* case, after all your flattering distinctions between your carcase and mine, I would engage to cut up as nervous as you can do—though, perhaps, I may'nt carry my anxiety for the actual experiment altogether so far:—but be that as it may—I would fain be made to see how the body, which you have settled to be a block, and otherwise so carefully parted from the mind, is to carry on the extensive business of discontent, which you do not deny that it has to manage, entirely on its own bottom.

Sen. But, my good Sir .....

Tes. Nay, nay, I have not done with you yet;—if you, and your mind, and your nerves, are such fast cronies as to be absolutely all in all to one another, how come ye, pray, to be so wonderfully interested in the fate of your *flesh*, as you have more than half confessed,

among you, that you are?—Why, if I might presume to try my hand at an opinion, *without a mind*, I should say, that till *Mind*, aforesaid, can shake off this unaccountable weakness, it may as well, at once, give up the double-refined fancy of always leaving poor *Body* in the basket.—

I think, Mr. Samuel, I may now be bold enough to suspect, with all my fleshy lumber about me, that our grieving implements, on both sides, are made pretty nearly of the same stuff, be it what it will—unless I am quite abroad still; and if so, I will humbly wait, while you are so kind as to clarify my understanding.

Sen. No, Mr. Testy; I have heard you with penitent ears, and beg leave to resign the contest: I cannot but perceive that, in your present emotions, there is, at least, as much of spiritual, as of material; and so, I freely allow you to share with me (though still in an unequal proportion) the EMPIRE OF MISERY—especially as I feel that the loss of your friendship, which I seem in great danger of incurring, and which would strip me of my only remaining solace,—that of sociality in sorrow and complaint,—would "leave me

poor indeed."—But I expect that you will concede to me, in your turn, Mr. Testy, that nerves are nerves, after all.

Tes. Aye, aye—a fair compromise enough; —and now that my heat is a little over, 'Squire, your candour shall drag out a confession, which your sauciness had locked up; viz. that though I am reasonably certain that I have a *mind*, I am, I know not how, still more feelingly satisfied that I have a *body*:—with you, I believe, it may go the other way; you shrink most, perhaps, from a hard word, and I from a hard knock;—will that do for you?

Sen. Exactly;—if happiness, dear Sir, could find me out, I should be truly happy in this accurate adjustment of our claims.—

But our work is not yet over, I must remind you; *other* claimants remain to be silenced, before we can hope to sit down *easy* under our *afflictions*.—There exists, Mr. Testy, and has immemorially existed, a set of Usurpers, who assume to themselves a prescriptive and exclusive right of suffering, and complaining, upon the strength of what they choose to call the *greater evils* of life, whether bodily or mental:—of the former kind, they will

confidently quote you hurricanes, shipwreck, sickness, &c. &c. and of the latter, injuries, insults, disappointments, treacheries, and so forth.—But what are all these, or worse than these, in the balance with *our* perplexities, and alarms, at which they presume to sneer, under the nick-names of *rubs, bores, stews, takings,* &c.?—for let us inspect, a little more narrowly, the state of our separate pretensions:—and first, with respect to *their* particular cast of Curses,—ought not their acknowledged rarity to be honestly set off against their weight? as with regard to *ours,*—supposing (but not granting) each, by itself, to be specifically light, shall not their number, and frequency, entitle them to be considered as collectively heavy?—just as, in disputation, the argument *cumulative,* when it has been fairly heard to an end, is admitted to be at least as pressing as the argument *solitary.* Such, I say, is the only equitable, or indeed, possible course, for enabling the contending murmurers to settle the comparative *tonnage* of their minds.—The tomahawk, or the scalping-knife, whatever other charms may be denied them, are at least recommended by the dispatch with which they perform their

services ;—one violent visit, and they are away for ever ;—but thorns, pins, needles, (and I would add, *tongues,*) are always in the way, and always pointed ; nor is there ever wanting some industrious body at your elbow, who is, at all times, in cheerful readiness to *stick* them.

Thus much for illustration :—I will next proceed to a more general and comprehensive display of our respective pretensions to the palm of sorrow, and it will soon be seen to which side victory inclines.

And, first, for those of the enemy :—

Tes. Aye, aye; and lay it on thick, I beg, while your hand is in; or I may chance to fall asleep in the middle of your harangue, being not over-fond of long speeches, unless they are well salted and peppered.—Come, push on !

Sen. Be under no alarm, Sir ; I am not in a lenient humour, believe me :—to return, then, to these mighty mourners, with their "greater evils," —these self-crowned conquerors in the contests of Despair,—what are the wounds they have to shew ? where are the arguments by which they hope to prop their tottering title to a triumph, and win from us

the honours of perpetual precedence in the ranks of woe?—Many of their boasted traverses will be found to transform themselves into benefits; as I will evidence in a few instances already quoted, and as I might easily do in more:—"a Hurricane," when the first flurry of its arrival is over, retires as briskly as it advanced; and if it has removed a few crazy houses, it gratifies their late inhabitants with a valuable opportunity of rebuilding them, on corrected principles both of strength and taste.—"Shipwreck" is not unfrequently found to be an agent, (an ungentle one—I would not deny it,) for the Humane Society, by saving the sufferers from drowning.—

Tes. Well done, my boy! all's well so far; —but how for *Sickness?*—For really, after all, I'm half afraid there's no fun in a fever!

Sen. Surely, Sir,—is it possible you should not have observed that sickness is yet more lavish of accommodations, which it even improves, with its own improving strength: at its maturer periods, more especially, it confers unlimited leisure for reflection, by the soothing stillness, and unbroken privacy which is enjoyed; while it totally exonerates from the toils of business, or study, and even from

the lightest cares of a family :—it guarantees from the pernicious consequences of turbulent exercises, by the horizontal posture which it unceasingly prescribes : — it bridles a roving disposition, by bringing its owner acquainted with retirement, in the most unqualified of all its forms :— it absorbs disturbing recollections in the still livelier and more awakening interests of the passing moment ; as well as suspends the activity of the anti-social passions, by attracting the attention of the whole man to his own personal sensations :— it befriends temperance, by the infantine simplicity of diet which it introduces :—it wards off the varied injuries of the open air, by requiring the party to inhale, a thousand times over, the cherishing, equable, and safely-treasured atmosphere of a chamber :—it wholesomely instils the advantages of frugality, by its exhausting influence on the purse of the patient ; and, as the crown of all its indulgencies, it attests the watchful alacrity of friendship, by imposing a constant and absolute dependance upon the humanity of others, for every the most minute article, whether of comfort or necessity.

So much for the mock-miseries of our

enemies, of the *coarser* class. As for their *nobler* order of calamities—

Tes. That's right, Sensitive, follow them up!—whining dogs! don't leave 'em a foot of misery to stand upon;—they deserve a few of *our* sort of sorrows, if 'twere only to teach them the difference between hard and soft.

Sen. You break the chain of my thoughts, Mr. Testy: I was going to say, if I recollect, that even with respect to their higher class of calamities—insults, disappointments, treacheries, and all that family of mental mortifications, upon which they delight to dwell—if my nerves could speak, they would deliver such an oration, under each corresponding division of *our* catalogue, as, I doubt not, would, on an open trial of the rival titles, be strong enough to turn the Judge—

Tes. Yes, and starve out the most obstinate Pig of the Jury.

Sen. Were *I*, however, employed to lead the cause on our side, I might, perhaps, content myself by citing in this part, the celebrated sentence pronounced by another Orator, on another occasion,—with no other alteration than that of reversing the majority

of its verbs :—" Nam cætera neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum; at hæc studia[1] adolescentiam *carpunt*, senectutem *affligunt*; secundas res *foedant*, adversis perfugium ac solatium *adimunt*; *excruciant* domi, *nec*non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." *Cicero.*

Tes. No, no; give it them in plain English, pray, while you are about it; when a man is in earnest, he always talks in his mother-tongue; besides, quoting from a dead language looks a little like skulking, and that's not at all in my way, as you know—and so I bar Latin, mind; or if you must play the pedant, I'll be at your back, and keep translating *at* them, as you spout away.—

Sen. Had you heard me patiently to an end, Sir, you would have found that I had done with Cicero, and was proceeding to defend our cause in our own language; as, with your permission, I will now do :—

Cast then but a glance on man, and man's addictions; or look at his stations and aberrations, as delineated in *our* general map of

---

[1] *Studia*; i. e. studies in the school of misfortune.

the world; and what will you discover?—"Horresco referens!"—an universal wilderness of blanks, or blots!—What, my poor Sir, are the senses, but five yawning inlets to hourly and momentary molestations?—What is your House, while you are *in* it, but a prison filled with nests of little reptiles—of insect-annoyances—which torment you the more, because they cannot kill you? and what is the same house, when you are *out* of it, but a shelter, out of reach, from the hostilities of the skies?—What is the Country, but a sandy desart at one season, or a swallowing quagmire at another?—What the Town, but an *upper* Tartarus of smoke, and din?—What are Carriages, but cages upon wheels?—What are Riding-horses, but purchased enemies, whom you pamper into strength, as well as inclination, to kick your brains out?—What are Theatres, but licensed repositories for ill-told lies, or stifling shambles for the voluntary sacrifice of time, health, money, and morals?—A Senatorial Debate, (when you have fought your way to it,) what is it but a national Main of Cocks?—What are Games, Sports, and Exercises, but devices of danger and fatigue to the performers, and

schools of surgery to the practitioner who may happen to look on?—What are Society, and Solitude, but, each, an alternate hiding-place from the persecutions of the other?—Libraries!—What are they but the sepulchres of gaiety, or conservatories for the seedlings of disease?—Nay, to descend still lower, what are the indispensable processes of Eating and Drinking, but practical lectures on the art of spoiling food?—or what even the familiar operations of Dressing and Undressing, but stinging remembrancers of the privileged nakedness of the savage?—Which, now, my friend, is "the worse," and which "the better reason?"

Tes.—Bravo! bravo! Sensitive—I see the hopes of our enemies already in the dust!—Yes, yes: it is plain enough that when the trial comes on, I may safely leave *you* to flourish, while *I* fume;—I must beg, though, Mr. Orator, that when the trial *does* come on, you won't take up the whole of your argument with spirit, fibre, and feeling; but make a little room for honest *matter;* and do the senses, limbs, and other coarse materials of humanity, the honour of paying them a little flattering attention;—as, indeed, I am glad

to observe that you have done, in your grand survey just finished.—So much, then, for generals: as to particulars, we shall find no great difficulty in gathering, and sorting, our single specimens:—O yes! a store-house of "miseries," or a *chest* of "groans," might be soon filled, and.....

Sen. Admirably imagined! Mr. Testy! your idea had entirely escaped me, and I embrace it with both my arms. We shall not have far to ramble, as you seem to say, in botanizing for weeds, nettles, and thistles; let us, from this time pursue the search; and at our next meeting, compare, and house, the first produce of our *heavy* harvest.

Tes. With all my heart; and the more so, as our pursuit may be carried on (to use the words of those rascals the quack-doctors, who by this very bait, by the bye, have tickled me out of a good constitution) "without loss of time, or hindrance of business;" for we have only to drudge on in our common course, with our minds, and our eyes open, as we walk or ride along, and the main business will take care of itself.

Sen. Well, then, Mr. Testy, only one thing more:—as the "lucidus ordo" is confessedly

of essential advantage, in every investigation, allow me to suggest what appears to me the properest method of proceeding; viz. that at every subsequent interview, from this time till we have completed our undertaking, we should bring forward some one general head of wretchedness, for separate discussion; producing, respectively, such items of anguish, only as may be reducible to that specific class of "miseries."—We are, now, unfortunately for us both—and yet where should *we* have been more fortunate?—We are now, I say, in the Country;—be the country, then, the scene of our first pilgrimage; and let *Rural Tortures*, if you see no objection, have the pre-eminence at our next unhappy meeting.

Tes. They shall, Sir, they shall; and no fear of missing them, I'll engage:—for my own part, I have some pestilent affairs upon my hands, that will bury me in the country a long time; and, I doubt not, "miseries" of all sorts and sizes will turn up as plentifully as the dust, or mire, under my feet.

And so, having now pretty well settled all our preliminaries,.....I was going to say, *farewell*;—but that would have been, in some

sort, " against the canon laws of our foundation," you know.

Sen. Alas, it would!—and on the same cruel account, *I* will sink the insulting ceremony of wishing you—a good morning. Let me rather say,

> Go; count thy way with sighs,—I mine with Groans." *Shak.*

Tes. Aye, it may pass well enough as a quotation; otherwise, by rights, *you* should have taken the sighs, and given *me* the Groans.—And so, your humble servant.—(*Goes and returns.*) Ho! Sensitive! Sensitive!—You know my addled-head:—one thing I forgot;—if we are to meet upon this new scheme of ours, there is a third person who must positively be of the party; or else, we must be " off by consent." You must know that I have just called away my lubberly boy Ned from Eton, at an hour's notice, though he had but another month to stay, as it was. For what do you think?—Old Busby, there, (I forget the fellow's right name—the head pedagogue, however—) has thought proper to tell me that my boy is half mad! though, for all I can see, the whole offence is that he is a

little wild, or so, in his way of reading; and, by running from one book to another, and dashing from this part of the volume to that, has stuffed his head with more words than he knows well how to manage; and so, by dint of a good memory, without quite brains enough to ballast it, he flirts out his crude scraps of authors upon all occasions, without stopping to think where he is, or who are his hearers.

Sen. A singular propensity, it must be owned.

Tes. Yes,—but singularity is not *madness*, I hope, or I should be in the same scrape, myself; for, as to his quoting fits, he drew *them* from me, I believe; I have had them upon me, off and on, ever since I was thus high; and Ned, the impudent dog, dares to tell me that he brings in his *Parallels*, as he calls them, as much to the purpose as I do. Be this as it may, I wink at his cacoethes *quotandi*;—but, to cure him of a few *other* wild tricks, which I don't like quite so well, I shall finish off his education myself; and have, this very morning, taken an oath, that I won't trust him out of my sight, a single moment, for three years to come.—So, you see, if you can put up with Ned's company, and odd

ways, why, I shall be very ready to meet you, that's all:—what say you?

Sen. O pray, be under no anxiety about me, Mr. Testy; the company of a son of yours, Sir, cannot possibly distress me; and, with respect to his turn for quotation, it may serve to beguile our attention, occasionally, from the detail of our sorrows. Besides, I am, at certain times, by no means, uninfected with the mania, myself.—With my best respects to Mr. Edward Testy, then, your most obedient.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

"Hinc exaudiri *Gemitus.*"—*Virg.*

MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

Sensitive.

WELL, Mr. Testy; here I am, punctual as a lover to our wretched assignation, and little doubting that you have found the country quite as fertile in felicities as I have:—What, my dear Sir, is the result of your rambles?

Tes. What?—Why, that I shall, henceforth, leave to Mrs. C. Smith, the whole hohour and pleasure of trying "Rambles farther:"—"O rus! quando te aspiciam?" indeed!—Why, never again while I live—and that won't be a great while, I guess, if I continue

to rusticate much longer—notwithstanding the " toughness of my texture," upon which you were once pleased to compliment me.—And, pray, what have *you* done ?—or rather, what have you *suffered ?*—though, in truth, " miserable, doing, or suffering," seems to be *our* standing motto.

Sen. My melancholy memoranda will but too fully answer your question ;—for, in pursuance of our plan, I have, in every instance, faithfully committed to paper the passing perplexity of the moment.

Tes. And I.—Come, then !—let us at once produce our memorabilia, and proceed to exchange their contents ?—Give me leave to begin.

Sen. Willingly, Sir ; and the more so, as I shall thereby enjoy (*enjoy !*) a momentary respite from the lashes of memory.

Tes. (*hastily running over his papers.*) Thank you, thank you ;—aye, here they are, biting, and stinging, wherever I set my finger !—Well, well! no matter—to business. I begin, I see, with some of the delights of *walking* in the country :—what say you, then, to

GROAN 1. (TESTY.)

The sole of the shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot, and limp along, like a pig in a string:—no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach!

2. (T.)

The boot continually taking in gravel; while, for a time, you try to calm your feelings by believing it to be *only hard dirt*, and vainly hope that it will presently relieve you by pulverising.

3. (T.)

Suddenly rousing yourself from the ennui of a solitary walk by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard, against the sharp corner of a fixed flint:—*pumps.*

Ned Tes. Nay, father, such a kick as that would pay you for the pain by driving out the corn:

——————"*segetem* ab radicibus imis
Expulsam erueret." *Virg.*

Sen. Nay, if you are for corns, listen to me:

4. (SENSITIVE.)

Walking all day, in very hot weather, in a pair of shoes far too tight both in length and breadth: —corns on every toe.

Tes. There you beat me, to be sure;—but it is the only triumph you will have, and so make the most of it.—Beat what follows, if you can:

5. (T.)

When you have trusted your foot on a frozen rut,—the ice proving treacherous, and bedding you in slush, to the hip.

6. (T.)

Walking through a boundless field of fresh-ploughed clay-land; and carrying home, at each foot, an undesired sample of the soil, of about ten or twelve pounds weight.

Ned Tes. Ah! this is, as *Dryden* says,—

"A trifling sum of *misery*
New added to the *foot* of thy account!"—

7. (S.)

Stooping, tearing, floundering, and bleeding your

way, through a boggy, briary copse, with here and there a rushy pool, which takes you by surprise; so that you are more and more entangled and engulphed as you advance, till you are, after all, necessitated to turn back, and encore all your sufferings; and so emerge at last, looking like a half murdered beggar:—

Ned Tes. "Quem circum, limus niger, et deformis arundo,
——————— tardâque palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat, et novies *Sticks* interfusa coercent." *Virg.*

8. (T.)

Walking obliquely up a steep hill, when the ground is what the vulgar call *greasy*.

Ned Tes. Sad work!—"Labitur et labetur!"—*Hor.*

9. (S.)

Feeling your foot slidder over the back of a toad, which you took for a stepping-stone, in your dark evening walk—

"Pressit humi nitens, trepidusque repentè refugit!"

In like manner, crushing snails, beetles, slugs, &c. whether you will or not.

Tes. Bad enough, Sir, bad enough;—but this, and all the specimens of bad footing we have yet mentioned are *carpeting*, compared with what follows, as you'll soon confess:—

10. (T.)

While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains—one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch, (which fails,) with the hope of recovering it, leaving the *other* in the same predicament:—the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both feet planted, ancle-deep, in the quagmire.—The last (I had almost said the dying) scene of the tragedy,—that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other clogged polluted foot into its choaked-up shoe, after having *scavengered* your hands and gloves in slaving to drag up each, separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk—is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe is, that each of the party floundering in his, or her, own gulph, is utterly

disabled from assisting, or being assisted by, the rest.

Sen. "O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!"—If, however, it may afford you any consolation, under the recollection of a calamity so dreadful, to hear an accurate description of it from the master-hand of Tacitus, attend, while I recite it: "Miscetur operantium clamor—cuncta pariter adversa—locus uligine profundâ, idem ad gradum instabilis, procedentibus lubricus; corpora neque librare inter undas poterant.....Non vox, et mutui hortatus juvabant: nihil strenuus ab ignavo, sapiens a prudenti, consilia a casu differre;—cuncta pari violentiâ involvebantur!"[1]—and now, my friend, let me relieve

---

Confusion and clamour prevail among the labouring victims—all things conspiring equally against them;—the place a deep swamp, treacherous to the foot, and more and more slippery as they advance; neither could they balance their bodies amidst the boggy marsh.....The voice of mutual encouragement was heard in vain—All distinction lost between the strenuous and the tardy, the wise and the weak, circumspection and casualty;—all were indiscriminately involved in the same overpowering calamity!

your mind, by a meaner, though by no means a tolerable misery.—

11. (S.)

Pushing through the very narrow path of a very long field of very high corn, immediately after a very heavy rain :—*nankeens.*

Tes. Talking of rain—

12. (T.)

Setting out, on a fine morning, for a review—and, on your arrival at the ground, violent rain coming on, and continuing without one moment's intermission during the whole of the spectacle; just at the close of which, the sun peeps out from his hiding-place, and laughs in your face.

Sen. So much for a *wet* review; but I can more than match you with a dry one;—ecce signum :—

13. (S.)

Attending, on foot, a review of cavalry, on a deep sandy plain, in a furious wind; which ushers the dust into your eyes from every quarter of the compass to which you turn for refuge—not to

mention the *costume* of a *Miller*, in which the said wind and dust agree that you shall appear.

It was at just such a review, I doubt not, that poor Young was inspired with the following most remarkable lines:

——————— " then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust!"
Night Thoughts, N. 9, or, The Consolation.

14. (T.)

Ploughing up your newly-rolled gravel walk, by walking over, or rather sinking into it, after a soaking torrent of rain.

Sen. Nothing can be more pitiable!—but having now sufficiently defiled ourselves with dust and mire, suppose we pass to some of the less ignoble Miseries of the country;—I will shew you the way:—

15. (S.)

While walking with others, in a line, through a narrow path, being perpetually addressed by the lady immediately before you, who, although she

never turns her head in speaking, and a roaring wind, from behind, flies away with every syllable as it is uttered, seems to consider you as provokingly stupid for making her repeat her words twenty times over.

16. (S.)

The flaccidity of mind with which you attempt to flog yourself up into an inclination to work in your garden, for the sake of exercise :—

" Ligonibus duris humum
Exhauriebat, *ingemens* laboribus." *Hor.*

Tes. Nay, there are worse things about a garden than that, I can tell you :

17. (T.)

On paying a visit to your garden in the morning for the purpose of regaling your eye and nose with the choice ripe fruit with which it had abounded the day before, finding that the whole produce of every tree and bush has been *carefully gathered—in the night !*

18. (S.)

The delights of hay-time ! as follows :—After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the

Barometer that there is nothing to fear — after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitch-fork, into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion — after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure, as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns, from the South West; as if the sun had taken half the Zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap :—they halt—they muster directly over head ;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued, without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely

swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panic-flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the ground ; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by looking at his *Colours*, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow, which he displays in his rear.

19. (T.)

In your evening walk—being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bull-dog (without his master,) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite :—no bludgeon.

20. (S.)

Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain—and this, immediately after leaving a merry fire-side.

21. (S.)

While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself, in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all ; then, in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Tes. A forlorn hope, indeed!—if *I* had been your hearer, I should have said, by way of *relieving* your embarrassment, "Si loqueris, "cantas; si cantas, cantas malè."

22. (S.)

In attempting to spring carelessly, with the help of one hand, over a five-barred gate, by way of shewing your activity to a party of ladies behind you (whom you affect not to have observed,) blundering upon your nose on the other side.

Tes. Ha! ha! ha!

——————— "viribus ille
Confisus, periit, admirandisque lacertis." *Juv.*

23. (S.)

In walking out to dinner, clean and smart, becoming hot with your exercise, the consciousness of which makes you still hotter—so that, on arriving, too late to repair yourself, you are obliged to sit down to table with a large party, (each of whom is clean and fresh,) with plastered hair—red, varnished face—and black coat besilvered all over with liquid spangles of powder and pomatum.

24. (T.)

Venturing upon a pinch of high dried Irish, in the open air—a sudden puff of wind emptying your box into your eyes, the moment you open it.

25. (S.)

In returning from a long, hot ride, being overtaken on a common, many miles from home, by a torrent of rain, which so completely drenches your heated body, that you are obliged, for the preservation of your life, to stop at some lone, mean, public-house, undress, and get between the blankets, while your clothes are drying:—then, after you have lain awake like a fool for a couple of hours, doing nothing, in the busy part of the day, finding, when you have re-dressed yourself, the rain increasing, night coming on, and no messenger to be had, by whom to send word to your anxious friends, that you must remain where you are all night.

26. (T.)

On a stubborn horse—coming to a no less stubborn gate, when you have either no hooked stick, or one with so gentle a curve, that it lets go its hold as soon as it has taken it; so that you must at last resolve to dismount, though you well know that your horse will afterwards keep you dancing

for an hour on one leg, with the other in the stirrup, before he will suffer you to remount him.

27. (T.)

Improving your coachmanship by driving an unbroken horse through a rugged narrow lane, in which the ruts refuse to fit your wheels, and yet there is no room to quarter.

28. (T.)

Attending a sale, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of bidding for an article, which, on your arrival, you are told has just been knocked down for nothing.

29. (S.)

On Christmas eve—being dunned by several parties of rural barbarians, on account of having stunned you by screaming and bellowing Christmas carols under your window.

Tes. O, yes, I know them;—pay them, indeed!

——" sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores;"

says the caroller.—

" Sed non ego credulus illis;"

say I.

30. (S.)

While on a visit in the hundreds of Essex, being under the necessity of getting *dead* drunk, every day, to save your *life*.

Tes. Aye, Juvenal helped you to that fancy:

"Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."

31. (S.)

After having sent from the other end of the kingdom to Hookham's for a quantity of well-chosen books, all particularly named—receiving in return, six months afterwards, a cargo of novels, of *their own* choice, with such titles as "Delicate Sensibility"—"Disguises of the Heart"—Errors of Tenderness," &c. &c.—Then, if you venture, in despair, on a few pages, being edified in the margin by such pencilled commentaries as the following—"I quite agree in this sentiment."—"How frequently do we find this to be the case in real life!"—"But why did she let him have the letter?" &c. &c. concluded by the reader's general decision upon the merits of the book, stamped in one oracular sentence; for example, "This is a very good novel:"—or (to the horror and confusion of the

author, if he should ever hear of the critique), "What execrable stuff!"

Tes. Nay, you well deserve this part of your Misery for looking into such *sad* trash:

"I, quæso, et *tristes* illos depone libellos,"
Nec lege "quod quævis nôsse puella velit."

I will give you a country-misery, from which there is not a whit less wear and tear to the nerves, and where you have no possible means of escape:—judge for yourself.

32. (T.)

Following on horse-back a slow cart, through an endless, narrow lane, at sunset, when you are already too late, and want all the help of your eyes, as well as of your horse's feet, to carry you safe through the rest of your unknown way.

Sen. Very distressing, I allow; but I will shew you that the end of a journey may be still worse than the journey itself:—

33. (S.)

After having arrived at home, completely ex-

hausted by a long journey, and delightfully diffused yourself on the sopha for the rest of the evening, (as you fondly suppose,)—being dragged out again, within a quarter of an hour, to take a long walk with a few friends, who are "obliged to go," but who "cannot bear to part with you so soon"—the party chiefly consisting of *ladies*, to whom you are, on every account, ashamed to plead fatigue, as an excuse for remaining at home.

34. (T.)

In a very solitary situation—after having sent some miles off for a remarkably clever carpenter, whom you have particularly entreated to come himself, for the purpose of doing a variety of jobs that require both a nice hand, and a contriving head—seeing enter, in his stead, a drivelling dormouse, who just knows a hammer from a nail.

35. (S.)

In going out of London, being met and blockaded on the road, by innumerable gangs of the Carrion and Offal of the human species, swarming home, in savage jollity, from a bull-baiting, a boxing-match, an execution, &c. &c.

36. (S.)

Passing the worst part of a rainy winter in a

country so inveterately miry as to imprison you within your own premises; so that, by way of exercise, and to keep yourself alive, you take to rolling the gravel-walks, (though already quite smooth), cutting wood, (though you have more logs than enough), working the dumb-bells, or such other irrational exertions.

37. (S.)

In passing the door of a meeting-house, in a poor country town, on a wet week-day—having before your eyes the depressing spectacle of a handful of dried-up old maids, with sallow hatchet faces, in rumpled, faded, old-fashioned little bonnets, and brick-dust coloured gowns, crawling out by ones and twos, stiffening half-curtesies to each other, and then moving off, (as so many pairs of rusty tongs would move, if alive;) one to her butcher's, to haggle for a bit of tripe; another to take an *hour's* walk of a *quarter of a mile*, for an appetite, &c. &c.—Heigh-ho!

38. (S.)

Living, or even making a stay, within close earshot of a ring of execrable bells, execrably rung for some hours every evening.

39. (S.)

Residing at a solitary place, where the return of the butcher, and the delivery of parcels, letters, &c. is so irregular and uncertain, that you are obliged to get at all the necessaries of life by stratagem.

40. (S.)

When you are two or three hundred miles from London, at a period of great events,—your newspapers delayed from day to day, by accidents on the road; till, on their arrival at last, all their intelligence is musty.

41. (S.)

While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely, engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever, — being suddenly surprised, through the treachery, or folly, of your servant, by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country-town, who lay a *formal* siege, (by sap,) to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours, in almost total silence :—

" Nothing there is to come, and nothing past;
But an eternal *Now* does ever last!"

During the last hour, they alternately tantalize and

torment you, by seeming, (but *only* seeming,) to go, —which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they descry at your castle-gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring excursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district.

Tes. Well, Sensitive, I must confess your last "groan" is louder than any that has yet burst from either of us.

Sen. Liberally said, Sir; it is bad enough, to be sure; though your *quagmire-scene* runs it very close: a sufficient number, indeed, has been produced, on both sides, to silence the boldest of our enemies;—and yet this, as you say, is "rural felicity!"—but stay, Sir; let us not triumph before a victory; they will tell us, I doubt not, that we have contemplated the Country but on one side:—we have pretty well established our main point, to be sure; viz. that country walks, rides, &c. &c. are not exactly the roads to earthly happiness—nothing but the ghost of an ideot could think they are;—but they will, doubtless, exultingly produce a higher class of rural enjoyments,

under the names of *Sports, Games* and *Exercises;* and if they should superadd the *Domestic Amusements* of retirement, they will consider the Country as completely set upon its legs again :—I propose, therefore, that we should devote a great part of the remaining period of our absence from the metropolis to a practical examination of as many of these expected pleas for the Country as may fall within our reach. We are, happily, each, tolerably skilled both in active and sedentary recreations; and by applying to them, for our present purpose, with unusual alacrity, we shall be competent judges of their real value in the scale of enjoyment.—Are you agreed?

Tes. Yes, yes; don't fear me :—Rogues! they are ridden by prejudices! but we will beat them, not only out of the field, but out of the house, too; and, in truth, I find myself so impatient to be at work, that I shall leave you without further ceremony.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

MISERIES OF GAMES, SPORTS, &c.; AND OF DOMESTIC ARTS AND RECREATIONS.

Testy Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

Testy.

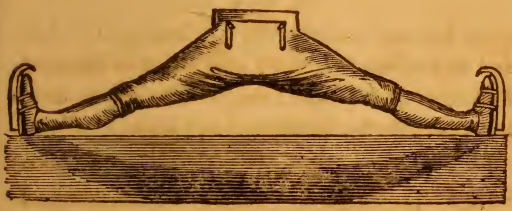
WELL, Sir, we meet still more in heart, I trust, than we parted: as we have taken in a great part both of summer and winter for our *Amusements*, we shall hardly fail to find, on comparing notes, that our cause has realized a great deal of strength, both in and out of doors.

Sen. Yes, truly, my dear friend; I, for my part, have been sporting, and dancing, and singing, with tears in my eyes, ever since we parted; and have brought you a pocket full of pains, composed entirely of pleasures.

Tes. I will match you, depend upon 't:—but you shall judge for yourself:—you may be prepared, indeed, for my first Groan, by my limping gait, and this bewitching swathe about my head; it is but three days since it happened; and thus it goes:—

GROAN 1. (T.)

In skaiting—slipping in such a manner that your legs start off into this unaccommodating posture—



from which, however, you are soon *relieved*, by tumbling forwards on your nose, or backwards on your skull—Also, learning to cut the outside edge, on skaits that have no edge to cut with:—ice very rugged.

2. (T.)

Angling for twelve or fourteen hours, alone, without one bite, though perpetually tantalized with bobs;—or, when you have hooked a fine large jack, seeing him take French leave, at the moment when you are courteously shewing him his nearest way to the bank.

3. (T.)

On springing, at the right distance, the only covey you have seen, at the end of a long day's fag—flash in the pan.

4. (T.)

In hunting—while you are leading the field, and just running in upon the fox, with the brush full in your hopes,—being suddenly left in the lurch, or in other words,—in the ditch.

Sen. Tremendous, indeed!—this is according to Brownlow N——'s method of representing a man as "in at the death."

5. (T.)

In archery—the string of your bow snapping, at the moment when you have made sure of your aim.

Sen. Almost as bad:—this is the "δεινη κλαγγη θιοῖο" in a new sense.—But let us have done with what are vulgarly called "out-door amusements;"—one Groan for every principal field-sport may serve for a sample:—sportsmen could produce a thousand more; but all men are not sportsmen; and we, you know, have to do only with general Miseries—the common currency of human existence.

Tes. Common, do you call it! Humph!—if this is the common currency, I can only say, that, from some plaguy twist in our horoscopes, you and I seem to have pocketed all the basest pieces.—By the bye, I have not yet done with the *open air,* and its amusements.—You must know that my youngest boy Tom, now at home for the holidays, came up to me yesterday, and told me that, having lately overheard us at our "Groans," he had bethought himself of setting down a few "School-miseries"—and so put them into my hands. I was pleased at the circumstance, as it served to shew, that even boyhood, the happiest period of man's life,—and school-days, which we are apt to look upon as the happiest part of that happiest time,—are by

no means exempt from the general tax upon living and breathing :— nay, even my last little one, now at the breast, told me half an hour ago, as plain as a baby could speak it, of an *infantine* misery ; viz.

6. (Testy's Baby.)

A *dry wet*-nurse.

Well, but now to poor Tom's list, which, I see he has entitled

TEN SCHOOL-MISERIES.

7. (Tom. T.)

1. Waking, in a bitter winter-morning, with the recollection that you are immediately to get up by candle-light, out of your snug warm bed, to shiver out to school, through the snow, for the purpose of being flogged as soon as you arrive.

Eh, Sensitive ?—I don't think the blackest beard among us can go beyond that ?—This Misery is what I would call a *mental cold pig*.

8. (Tom. T.)

2. Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

9. (Tom T.)

3. At cricket—after a long and hard service of watching out, — bowled out at the first ball.—Likewise, cricket on very sloppy ground, so that your hard ball presently becomes, muddy, sappy, and rotten:—a jarring bat:—a right-hand bat for a left-handed player:—a hat, *vice* stumps.

10. (Tom T.)

4. Winding up a top badly grooved, so that the string bunches down over the peg; and, on your attempt to peg it down into the ring,—"volat vi fervidus axis:"—*i. e.* it flies into the eye of a play-fellow.

11. (Tom T.)

4. Your hoop breaking, and then trundling lame, and perpetually tripping you up, as you boggle along with it;—the other boys, with good hoops, leaving you miles behind.

12. (Tom T.)

6. The stocking perpetually coming down as you run, and bagging below the shoe, so as to be trampled in the dirt, (all, by and bye, to be snugly buttoned to your flesh,) and throw you down:—no garters, except twine, which you are, at last, obliged to use, though it cuts to the bone.

13. (Tom T.)

7. Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not half so brave, as yourself; —then, flogged for fighting, because you, at first, aimed one blow, which, however, did not reach the long-armed rascal.

14. (Tom T.)

8. At dinner—the joint lasting only as low down as to the boy immediately above you :—you are too stout to eat bread, and so go starved, and broken-hearted, into school.

15. (Tom T.)

9. Fagging for a niggardly glutton, who does not leave you even the scraps of what you have stolen and dressed for him.

16. (Tom T.)

10. Staying in on a whole holiday, for another boy's fault, falsely charged upon yourself :—very fine day ; and the distant noise of all the other boys at play continually in your ears, as you mope, alone, in the house.

" Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere, coelumque
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

——— *Virg.*

Sen. Well said, my noble boy !—we will

swear him, like another infant Hannibal, to eternal hatred against our enemies.—Mean time, having finished our survey of diversions abroad, let us *walk in,* if you please, and try whether the *House* has any thing better to shew than the fields.—The first article on my list is *Dancing*.

17. (S.)

Blundering in the figure all the way down a country-dance, with a charming partner, to whom you are a perfect stranger; and who, consequently, knows nothing of you but your awkwardness.

Tes. That offence may be forgiven, however; not so the following:

18. (T.)

Entering into the figure of a country-dance with so much spirit, as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner.

Sen. There I feel for you indeed!

Mrs. T. (who during this, and a few of the other dialogues, is sitting at work in another part of the room.) "*Your* feelings," Mr. Sensitive!—Deuce take it!—"*my* feelings," if you please;—you seem to leave the poor

lady, and her ruined petticoat, quite out of the account!

Tes. Pho, pho! Mrs. T.—the petticoat may be mended again, and there would be an end of that;—but nothing short of amputation would satisfy the Lady's vengeance against the *leg*.—However, Madam, I have another dancing distress, in which, I am certain, you will join, in your heart, whether you choose to confess it or not:—

19. (T.)

The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right hand and left," from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others;

Ned Tes.

"Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille *sinistrosum*, hic *dextrorsum abit*." *Hor.*

Tes. Again—

20. (T.)

Being compelled to shift your steps, at every instant, from jig to minuet, and from minuet to jig-time, by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians.

Ned Tes.

"*Tempora* mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

Sen. I will *now* give you a ball-room "Groan," with which nothing in Holbein's "Dance of Death" can stand a moment's comparison :—

21. (S.)

When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might;—then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicksome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples, (who having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit)—incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and gallop along, "Hands across, Sir, for Heaven's sake!"—"Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!"—"Right and left,—or I'm a dead man!"—&c. &c.

Tes. Why, to *you, Sensitive*, such a violent remedy must have been almost as bad as the disease; though, to be sure, as your friend the Doctor had described your case as so

alarming, it was natural that you should try it:—

"Non tulit *hanc speciem* furiatâ mente *Chorœbus*,[1]
Et sese *medium* injecit *moribundus* in *agmen*." *Virg.*

Sen. So much for dancing:—let us examine a few more domestic recreations.—Will *Billiards* give happiness?

Tes. I'll tell you:—

22. (T.)

Missing your cue at every stroke—("totum nec pertulit ictum.")—and this when you are particularly ambitious of shewing your play.

Sen. *Cards?*—I will answer myself:—

23. (S.)

At the game of Commerce, losing your life in fishing..... for aces, when you had hooked two, and the third had several times nibbled at your bait.—Or,

24. (S.)

When there is a very rich pool, and you have

---

[1] A name evidently formed from *Chorus*, a company of *dancers*. T. T.

outlived all the players but one, he having gone up twice, and you not once—losing all your three *lives* running.

Ned Tes.

Amid such *mighty plunder*, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Isatiate *Archer!*[1] could not once suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice*—and *thrice* my peace was slain!" *Young.*

Or, as Dryden pathetically puts it—

"*Rich* of *three souls*, he lives *all three* to waste."
Pal. and Arc.

Tes. Nay, Commerce is the best game upon the cards; for you may get yourself released, whenever you please.—What say you to the case of a wretch, who detests cards, and whist above all, at which he plays vilely;—under these circumstances, I say, what think you of

[1] *Note by the Editor.* It must be confessed that this complaint, by inuendo, against her *Ladyship*, for winning his friend's money, is but too much in harmony with Mr. Testy's usual habits of unpoliteness.

25. (T.)

Being compelled, by the want of a substitute, to sit down again, as you are stealing away, to a fourth or fifth rubber, with an Argus—in the shape of a captious, eager, skilful, elderly spinster—for your new partner.

26. (S.)

In shuffling the cards, (your party all strangers) squashing them together, breaking their edges, and showering them in all directions, so as to make you long for a trap-door to open under your feet.

27. (T.)

A pack of cards which stick so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and—the deal.

Sen. Music?

28. (S.)

Being accompanied by a player or singer, who is always at least a bar behind, or before you.

29. (S.)

While accompanying another *on the flute*—being distanced, in a quick passage, by having to turn over in the middle of a bar.

Ned Tes.

" And *panting time* toil'd after him in vain." *Johns.*

30. (S.)

Attempting, by desire, to play on the piano-forte, while your fingers are all chained up by the frost.

31. (T.)

In fiddling—a greasy bow:—or, a string (the last you have of the number) snapping in the middle of a passage which you were just discovering the proper method of fingering.

Sen. No, Sir, music will never do:—*Drawing* is, at least, a quieter enemy;—but that it *is* an enemy, we shall easily make appear.—

Tes. Not so fast, Sir; I have another musical Misery in store.

32. (T.)

After waiting an hour for a friend's cremona, for which you had sent your servant—seeing it at length brought in by him—in fragments.

Ned Tes.

" Heu, prisca *fides* !"

Sen. Nay, young gentleman, if you are to quote *so*, you may as well throw in "Nusquam tuta *fides*;" as *you*, Sir, (*to old Testy*,) ought to have remembered in proper time.

33. (S.)

Hitching your knife in the gritty flaws of a black-lead pencil, so as to spoil its edge, without *gaining* your *point*:—repeatedly breaking said point in the operation of cutting it; or, when you seem to have succeeded, finding that your pencil only scratches the paper on which you mean to draw.

34. (S.)

After having nearly completed a drawing of a Head, on which you have long been working very laboriously—leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

Ned Tes.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
"Tam cari *capitis?*" *Hor.*

35. (T.)

In fitting a drawing to its frame, becoming so

tired of your own timidity in paring the paper too little, as to spoil all by one rash sliver.

36. (S.)

Rubbing Indian ink, or cake colours, in a very smooth saucer. (Or, what is far worse than this—nay is, perhaps, the very mightiest of all the mighty Miseries we are now recording, or shall ever record——)

37. (S.)

As you draw—to be maddened, through your whole work, with inveterate greasiness in your pencils, colours, or paper (you cannot possibly discover which); so that what you have taken up with your brush keeps coyly flying from the spot to which you would apply it.

Ned Tes. ——————" nec *color*
Certâ sede manet." *Hor.*

Tes. So much for the *Fine Arts!* — one Misery more, and I have done, for the present.

38. (T.)

Exhausting your faculties, for a whole evening together, in vain endeavours to guess at a riddle,

conundrum, &c. though you are assured, all the time, that it is as easy as the a, b, c.

Tes. For my own part the confounded riddle, with which I have just wound up my accounts, has considerably shortened my search after other torments; for ever since it was proposed to me (a full month ago), I have lost both my rest and my appetite, and neglected almost every other concern, in trying to find it out—all to no purpose.

Sen. Nay, let it pass;—you and I have neither time nor tranquillity for studying riddles:—besides, Sir, life itself according to *our* views of it, is one great enigma; and, like the other famous enigma of old, is guarded by—not one, but—a thousand Sphinxes, in the shape of "Miseries," which, like their predecessor, keep tearing us to pieces, all the time that we are labouring in vain for the solution.—Be quiet, then, for a moment, while I shape out other employment for us.—It will not be denied, I trust, that we have now given the cause of *the Country* a fair hearing;—but *the Town,* remember, will be thought to have at least an equal right to be put upon its tral,

and the rather, as men, having made it themselves, will be naturally interested by the vanity of workmen, in its defence. Our precious affairs among the fields and trees are pretty well settled; and as our return to London will take place nearly at the same time, we can meet at a coffee-house, and, by favour of the delightful privacy of a box, cut off by a silk curtain from twenty listeners close at our backs, we may discuss in comfort, you know.

Tes. O, yes! I understand you—a dry rot take the house, and all that belongs to it!—there, however, we *must* meet, I suppose, or we should not think ourselves in London; and so I will attend your summons;—if, indeed, I should retain my senses, by the time I shall have employed them in collecting matter enough to equip me for the conference.—In the mean time, I must go back to the harness.

Sen. The harness!—how?

Tes. How! why to have another pull at the rascally riddle.—Your servant. Holla! Sensitive!—Another country comfort, which how

I came to forget, I cannot very well say; as I enjoyed it no longer ago than last night:—

39. (T.)

Going to see a party of strolling players, on the strength of an encouraging report that they are execrable; but finding them so *intolerably tolerable*, that even the most heart-breaking scenes of their tragedy scarcely afford you one hearty laugh.

That's all—I'm off.

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive. (At a Coffee-house.)

Testy.

WELCOME to London, friend Sensitive!—and still more welcome to this *quiet* room—can you hear me?

Sen. If I cannot, this constant and cheerful noise of carts and coaches, which is said by some to favour conversation, will help me out, I suppose.

Tes. Nay, if a man must be stunned before he can hear, the Deaf should lose no time in coming up to London!—But how long have you been in this elysium of brick and mortar? and what have you seen?

Sen. Seen!—I am so full of what I have *heard,* that I hardly know; for, of all my organs, my ear, I think, torments me most;—and yet I beg pardon of my *nose,* which, in London, seems still more earnestly bent on my destruction.

Tes. I give you joy, however, of having found out *that;* there is some comfort in knowing which of your five servants is *least* busy in plotting against its master.—As to me, the conspiracy is so nicely balanced among them, that I shall never be able to detect the ring-leader. All I know is, that whenever they may finish me, there will be some of my blood at each of their doors.—But you seemed, just now, as if you were going to be very eloquent upon *noises,* in particular:—any thing much worse than usual in that line?

Sen. O, yes,—if possible: in an evil hour, I lately changed my lodgings, to escape from a brazier at the next door, who counted his profits so very distinctly upon the drums of my ears, that, not thinking myself indemnified by the value of the intelligence for the loss of my hearing, I took wing at a moment's

warning;—the only consequence, however, has been that of exchanging one old enemy for a thousand new ones. What is a single brazier to a legion of brazen throats? But I anticipate—it is time to go to business, and I will lead the way, if you please, with a "Misery" which will too fully answer your last question. *(Sen. produces his memoranda, and reads.)*

GROAN 1. (S.)

While you are harmlessly reading, or writing, in a room which fronts the street, being compelled, during the whole morning, to undergo that savage jargon of yells, brays, and screams, familiarly, but feebly, termed, "the Cries of London"—dustmen, beggars, muffin-mongers, knife-grinders, and news-carriers included:—

> "Bombalio, clangor, stridor, tarantantara, murmur!"—

you having, all the while, no interest whatever in the uproar, except in the simple character of a sufferer: or, should you chance to have a wish for what is in the baskets, or barrows, of these shark-mouthed bawlers, being necessitated to let them pass unstopped, from your utter incapabiliiy of ever

arriving at the slightest smattering in any of the infernal dialects in which their goods are *uttered*, and which they have palpably invented for the sole purpose of guarding against the smallest risk of being, by any accident, understood;—and thus is a new *Misery* struck out for you, from your own indignation at their distorted ingenuity in devising stratagems for their own ruin—which must obviously be the direct consequence of their unintelligibility.

2. (T.)

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—" *No Thoroughfare.*"

Sen. Not to mention the *Misery* of turning back, splashing along, at full speed, and fighting your way through the crowd; and all this in order to go the longest way round, and be too late at last!—so that your whole account stands thus:—

" *Negatâ* tentat iter *viâ*;—
Coetusque vulgares, et udam
Spernit humum fugiente" plantâ. *Hor.*

3. (S.)

Stopping in the street, to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* feeling himself in the same dilemma;—so that, after each has asked, and answered, the question "How do you do, Sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute; and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

4. (T.)

Stumbling through London streets, in pumps, over hills of filthy snow, in the beginning of a great thaw, and occasionally passing over a wide, floated crossing, on a tottering plank, closely accompanied by a hopping sweeper, who vociferously begs *at* you all the way, and keeps thrusting his greasy hat against your clothes:—no halfpenny.

5. (T.)

As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you *know*, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedevilling

your white stockings, and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling, among, and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street.

6. (S.)

A bad Sunday in the city.

7. (S.)

Walking, side by side, half over London, with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing, before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

Tes. Nay, I have a case of intrusion *within* doors, (and one too which we are every moment in danger of suffering where we now sit,) still worse than yours:—

8. (T.)

While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house—two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you, for an hour, over their private concerns.

9. (S.)

While on a short visit to London—the hurry and ferment—the crossing and jostling—the missing and marring—which incessantly happen among all your engagements, purposes, and promises, both of business and pleasure—at home and abroad—from morning till midnight;—obstacles equally perverse, unexpected, unaccountable, innumerable, and intolerable, springing up like mushrooms through every step of your progress. Then, (when you are at last leaving London,) on asking yourself the question whether any thing has been neglected, or forgotten, receiving for answer—"Almost every thing!"

10. (S.)

As you are walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery.

Now is not this too much, Sir?

Ned Tes. Yes, that's exactly what it is; and therefore you should have cried out, in time,

"Ne QUID *nigh miss!*"

11. (T.)

Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger, (a scavenger,) who is doing the same; then meeting, with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body, with the groan of a paviour :—

——————————" ruinam
Dant sonitu ingentem, perfractaque.....
Pectora pectoribus rumpunt." [1]

At length after a mutual burst of execrations, you each move, for several minutes, from side to side, with the *same motion*, in endeavouring to pass on.

12. (T.)

In going out to dinner, (already too late,) your carriage delayed by a *jam* of coaches.....

Ned Tes. Jam, jamque magis cunctantem !

Tes. ..... which choak up the whole street, and allow you at least an hour more than you require, to sharpen your wits for table talk.

---

[1] " Breast against breast, with ruinous assault,
" And deaf'ning shock, they come."

13. (S.)

Dressing at a coffee-house, in a great hurry, to dine out, and on your arrival at your friend's house, suddenly finding that you have *nothing* in any of your pockets ;—then, the flash of horror that runs through you, as you recollect that you have involuntarily confided your watch, pocket-book, love-letters, and uncounted cash and notes to the care of the public, by leaving them on the table of the coffee-room in which you hastily changed your coat and waistcoat.

14. (S.)

On your entrance at a formal dinner-party—in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat, from the arm-hole to the pocket.

Tes. Aye—that comes of "appetens nimis ardua,"—you see.

15. (T.)

On leaving the house, at which you have been visiting, finding that a rascal has taken your new hat, and left you his old one; which, on the one hand, either cuts to your scull, if you press it down, or barely perches on the tip of your head if

you do not—or, on the other hand, wabbles over your eyes and ears, and keeps bobbing on your nose;—to say nothing of wearing another man's hat, even if it fitted like a glove.

16. (S.)

At night—after having long lain awake, nervous and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour, and the state of the weather, being, at last, delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry—from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past ..... clock ..... morning!"—Then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock, (which had before been roared down by the watchman,) being roused to listen by its preparatory click, and purr, followed by one stroke—which you are to make the most of—the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing, with which you are seized at the instant.

17. (S.)

In attempting to pay money in the street—emptying your purse into the kennel—the wind taking care of all the *paper*-money:

Ned Tes. "The trembling *notes* ascend the sky!"

Alex. Feast.

18. (S.)

Standing off and on in the street, for half an hour, (though in the utmost haste,) while the friend with whom you are walking talks to *his* friend, whom you meet, and to whose conversation you are delicately doubtful whether you ought to be a party.

19. (S.)

At a London breakfast—*snail cream;* not to mention the bread that accompanies it, which, if it be dry, chalky, musty, bitter, salt, and sour, leaves you, however, the consolation, that it is made "of the finest wheat-flour!"

20. (S.)

The *un*intermitting fever into which you are thrown by being obliged to linger, the whole morning long, amongst a crew of "greasy rogues," in the outer-room of a public office, from which you are called out the last—if, indeed, you are called out at all!

21. (S.)

Chasing your hat, (just blown off in a high wind,) through a muddy street—a fresh gust always whisking it away at the moment of seizing it;—when you have at last caught it, deliberately putting it on,

with all its sins upon your head, amidst the jeers of the populace.

22. (S.)

Going to the House of Commons, with an order for admission, in high expectation of an animated debate; and after standing, like an ideot, five hours in the lobby, and sitting five more in the gallery,—no business done!—Also; being repeatedly and roughly turned out of the gallery (like a dirty dog out of a parlour) on a motion for a division; and, as often, shifted, on your return, to a worse place than you had before.

23. (S.)

Running the gauntlet through Thames-street, from Blackfriars to the Tower.

24. (S.)

Ditto through a long London market, in the dog-days—the odours of the meat acting as a thermometer to the nose.

25. (S.)

Accosting a person in the street with the utmost familiarity, shaking him long and cordially by the hand, &c. and at length discovering by his cold, (or, if he is a fool, angry,) stare, that he is not the man you took him for.

Or,—what is a somewhat similar source of agony—

26. (S.)

Finding that the person with whom you thus claim acquaintance has entirely forgotten *you*, though you perfectly remember *him*.

Tes. Aye—as Persius says,

" Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te .... sciat alter."

27. (S.)

On a sultry day, in London—being compelled by the heat to sit with the windows of a ground-room open, while an organ-grinder, or ballad-singer of the basest degree, are exhausting their whole stock of dissonance within two or three yards of your ill starr'd ears;—yet you cannot drive, or even fee them away, as they are paid for torturing you by some barbarians at the next door.

28. (S.)

On going in a hackney coach to the inn from which you are to set out on a long journey, being asked by the coachman three or four times more than his fare, which he knows you must pay, as you have not a moment's leisure to summon him

at the time; while, on your return to London, it would be too late—in due consideration of all which, he farther indulges himself in insolent language.

29. (S.)

As you walk the streets on the evening of the 5th of November—a cracker thrown into your pocket by some mischievous little rascal, who instantly runs away,—then, in your hasty attempt to snatch it out, feeling it burst in your hand, after leaving your handkerchief in flames.

Tes. Yes, and leaving *you* in flames, too at being disappointed of your vengeance against the young villain:—

"Sævit atrox——nec teli conspicit unquam
Auctorem, nec quò se, *ardens*, immittere possit."
Virg.

30. (S.)

In taking out your money in a hackney-coach—dropping the greatest part of it (and all the gold) in the straw; then, after grubbing and fumbling after it for an hour, finding nothing but the gaping crevices through which it must have escaped.

31. (S.)

Treading in a beau-trap, while in the act of gaily advancing your foot to make a bow to some charming woman of your acquaintance, whom you suddenly meet, and to whom you liberally impart a share of the *jet d'eau*.

32. (S.)

Being a compulsory spectator and auditor of a brawling and scratching match, between two drunken drabs, in consequence of the sudden influx of *company*, by whom you are hemmed in, an hundred yards deep, in every direction, leaving you no chance of escape, till the difference in sentiment between the *Ladies* is adjusted :—where you stand, you are (that is, *I* was) closely bounded, in front, by a barrow of cat's meat, the unutterable contents of which employ your eyes and nose, while your ear is no less fully engaged by the Tartarean yell of its driver.

33. (S.)

As you walk forth, freshly and sprucely dressed —receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a well-twirled mop.

Tes. Ah! the jade!—Juvenal had never

been submitted to this mode of irrigation, when he said

"Nemo *repentè* fuit *turpissimus*."

34. (S.)

The *too violent* exercise of being hustled in the streets.

35. (S.)

A footman at the next door *learning* to play upon the fife, or fiddle, and (besides other enormities in his *practice*) catching, as you play them, all your favourite airs, which he returns to you in every possible key, and time, except the right—giving the Dead March in Saul as a jig; Paddy Whack as an adagio; &c. &c.

36. (T.)

As you are quietly walking along in the vicinity of Smithfield, on market-day, finding yourself suddenly obliged, though your dancing-days have been long over, to lead outsides, cross over, foot it, and a variety of other steps and figures—with mad bulls for your partners.

Sen. Yes; or—

37. (S.)

Being called upon, in like manner, to cut capers

at a moment's warning, by a headlong butcher's boy, who beats time for you by stamping close at your side on the slabby pavement, with his shrill catcal for your music!

38. (T.)

Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole *a posteriori*;—his "by your leave" not coming till after he has *taken* it.

39. (S.)

The manner in which a fish-woman unfolds her opinions of you, when you have unintentionally drawn them forth by overturning her full basket:—

"Loud menaces are heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base,—
Till sense is lost in sound, and silence fled the place." *Dryd.*

40. (S.)

During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage, while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw, close at your ear.

Ned Tes.

"From the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all *saws*." *Shak.*

41. (T.)

Your hat, and part of your head poked off from behind, without notice or apology, by an huge beam a quarter of a mile in length, as its bearers blindly blunder along with it.

Sen. O intolerable!—a Quaker at court is far better off; for, though *his* hat is lugged off by others unceremoniously enough, yet, I understand, they always make a point of leaving *all the head* behind.

42. (T.)

Crouching and crawling through the scaffoldings, ladders, rubbish, flying smother, tumbling bricks, &c. of a half-ruined house—and all this without having made your will.

43. (S.)

The *meridian midnight* of a thick London fog,—leaving you no method of distinguishing between the pavement, and the middle of the street; much less between one street and another—the "palpable obscure" pursuing you into your parlour, and bed-chamber, till you can neither see, speak, nor breathe.

Tes. Aye, I am quite at home in that misery; I had nearly lost poor Mrs. Testy in such a nasty cloud last week: we were somehow, parted by the crowd, and there was she, poor soul, crying out, (in *her* language I mean,)

" Jamque vale! feror ingenti circundata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens heu! non tua, palmas,

Sen.

Dixit, et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa, neque illum
Prensantem nequicquam umbras, et multa volentem
Dicere præterea vidit!" *Virg.*[1]

Tes. And so, here, I perceive, we are both shutting up our black books.

Sen. Yes.—Well, then, Mr. Testy, are any of these adventures, think you, likely to

---

[1] " And now, farewell!—By deepest night clos'd round,
Far am I borne away, and stretch to thee
My pow'rless hands!—Ah me! now thine no more!—
She said; and sudden melted from his view
In flight dispers'd, as smoke dissolving blends
Into thin air; nor longer him discerns
Clasping the shades in vain, and eager still
To speak innumerable things."

remove the impressions under which we came up to London?

Tes. Remove them!—I will soon shew you my opinion upon that point, by hurrying out of it tomorrow morning; for vile as the country is, in most respects, yet, to give it its due, you can *generally* breathe the air;—you can hear yourself speak,—though there is nobody to speak to;—there is no bad smell in *some* of the flowers;—you can see an inch before your nose;—and you can bear to look at your hands for at least half an hour after you have washed them. How hospitably the five senses are entertained in *London,* we have pretty well seen;—and yet it is principally to have the said senses tickled, that the boobies come swarming up to it as they do.

Sen. It is so—which leads me to hope that you will not actually depart quite so hastily as you have planned; for the lovers of London would have us think that the eye and ear, at least, are better off in the metropolis than in any other spot on the globe: now, as you and I, you know, are hunting life through, in order to ascertain whether any thing which it offers can be endured, we

owe just so much respect to general opinion, as to take what are called the *Public Places* in our way.

Tes. I won't stay an hour longer than I have mentioned, Sensitive;—no, not if they would make over to me both the theatres, and the opera-house into the bargain, including all their profits for fifty years to come.—Besides, Sir, I have peeped in at most of them already, and have never forgiven the fellows at the door for not returning me my money as I hastened out again.

Sen. Nay, then, my good friend, what will become of our main concern? How shall we be able to make it out to our own satisfaction that we are completely wretched, if there be some sources of supposed delight which we have never fairly tried?

Tes. It does not signify, Sensitive; I tell you "I have been;"—been quite enough to enable me to make up my mind: one set of puppets is very like another, I suppose;—and so, once more, I am off by day-break tomorrow morning:

"This deed I'll do,—before this purpose cool;—
But no more *Sights*." *Macb.*

Sen. Well, Sir, since you are so inflexible, I must fill up the deficiency of your evidence as well as I am able, by making the round of revels by myself. By the time I have gone through my duty, it is to be hoped you will have cooled a little, and that you will then consent to return hither for a single day, at least, that I may not wholly lose the few ideas you have given yourself an opportunity of forming upon the subject of London Diversions.

Tes. In the *suburbs,* Sir—in the *suburbs,* perhaps I may; or rather, at one of the villages a little farther off: but no more *imprisonment* within the *Liberties* of London and Westminster for me!—and so, thanking you for having *strung yourself up* to *relaxation* for the good of the cause,—success to your pleasures!—I will come this way when you call for me—that's enough; and as to the place of rendezvous—nothing upon a lower level than Hampstead or Highgate, I beg.

Sen. Where you please, so that we do but meet, to club our lamentations.

DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive. (Testy's house at Highgate, to which he had removed after his late sudden departure from London.)

Testy.

GIVE you joy, friend Sensitive, of having come out alive from all the holes of happiness in which you have been stiving for the last two or three months!—One comfort, however, attending *our* pursuits, is that they must pay, either in plague or profit.

Sen. Ah, Sir! you would not have allowed much weight to *plague* in the scale of *advantage*, had you gone through it in the manner I have

done:—in plain truth, I can now almost forgive you for having taken flight so suddenly. In short, Mr. Testy, I have paid down half my income, for the privilege of being able to assert, that the only period of ease which is to be felt in theatres, concert-rooms, &c. is that in which you are returning to the door—and even this is subject to the draw-back of being obliged to labour through a mass of human flesh in your way to it—unless you prefer perishing with cold, by remaining to the last. —Yes, Sir, I accept your congratulations on having escaped with life from this perilous course of evening experiments, and am now ready to instruct you in their horrible results: rouse your courage, then, while I proceed to open Pandora's box upon you — and this without even an outline of *Hope* traced at the bottom.

Groan 1. (S.)

On going to the play to see a favourite performer, —to be told, at the drawing up of the curtain, (as you had augured from the rueful bow of the speaker,) that he, or she, is suddenly taken ill, or dead, and that Mr. ——— or Miss ——— (the backs of the

house) has kindly undertaken to try to read the part at five minutes notice.

2. (S.)

In the pit, at the opera—a broad-shouldered fellow, seven feet high, seated immediately before you, during the whole of the ballet.

3. (S.)

While sitting in a front row of the front boxes, during the deepest part of the tragedy—yourself and friends suddenly required to stand up, and crowd back upon each other, while you hold up the seat for a large party in procession, who take up twenty minutes in getting down to their places, in one of which you had seated yourself by mistake, and consequently are now turned out, and have to tread back your way into the lobby, over the laps of ladies without a chance for another seat.

4. (S.)

At a concert—as you are preparing to listen to one of Bartleman's best songs, being suddenly environed by a crew of savages, whose laughter and gabble are all that you are allowed to hear.

5. (S.)

After the play, on a raw wet night, with a party

of ladies,—fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies, and at the street-doors of the theatre, among chair-men, barrow-women, yelling link-boys, and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your servant, or carriage, which, when found at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door.

6. (S.)

Pushing *in* with an immense crowd at a narrow door, through which such another crowd is pushing *out* :—thermometer at 95, or 6.

7. (S.)

After the play—to be detained with your party in the house, on a frosty night, till the last of the company, as well as of the candles, are *gone out* ;—the latter withdrawing their light, and then fobbing you off with their fumes.

8. (S.)

Your feelings put to the rack throughout the most moving scenes of a deep tragedy, by a riotous rascal in the upper gallery, who will not, for a moment, suffer his neighbours to cry in peace—while you are perpetually tantalized with neglected proposals from the tender-hearted part of the audience, to " throw him over."

9. (S.)

Your opera-glass, (which had been perfectly clear, while there was nothing in the house worth spying at,) becoming obstinately dim at the moment when you have pointed it towards an enchanting creature who has just entered.

10. (S.)

Sitting on the last row, and close to the partition, of an upper box, at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck and back, with stretching forward—in vain.

11. (S.)

In the pit, at the opera—turning briskly round, on hearing a box-door open close by you, in hopes of feasting your eyes on some young angel whom you expect to appear, and beholding, instead of her, that sort of hideous old crabbed-looking Crone of fashion, whose face is as full of wrinkles, as her head is of diamonds.

Ned. Tes.

" Who, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears, yet, a precious jewel in her head."

Shak.

12. (S.)

Going to Vauxhall *alone*—(without having previously consulted the barometer)—for the purpose of joining a delightful party, whom you had appointed to meet; your only apprehension being that you may possibly fail to find them out in the immense crowd;—then, on entering the gardens, and eagerly throwing around your eyes, espying only six or seven scattered solitary outcasts, standing as stiff as pokers, and as grave as judges, under shelter from the coming storm—one poor singer, quavering, like Orpheus of old, to the trees, and two or three savages, from an almost empty orchestra—the *cascade* locked up safe from the *rain* —the *fire-works* put entirely out of countenance by the *water-works*—and, of the few lamps that were originally lighted on so unpromising an evening, the far greater part shattered, or extinguished, by the wind and wet.

13. (S.)

Those parts of the entertainment at Astley's, or the Circus, which do *not* consist of pranks, or horsemanship.

14. (S.)

Sitting with an excruciating head- ache, to see a vile play, acted by viler performers, for the eighth

or tenth time, in a crowded back-row of the Little Theatre, with a dull party, in August!

15. (S.)

The endless interval which sometimes passes between the play and farce—and this while you are sitting by a lady, whom you consider it as your duty to entertain, but who does not consider it as *her* duty to be entertained; and, still less, to requite your attempts in kind.

16. (S.)

At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such After-pieces as are called "England's Glory,"—"The British Tars," &c.—with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

17. (S.)

Wading through those gossiping-scenes of a play, in which the lacqueys and waiting-maids lay their heads together about the plans, and characters, of their Masters, and Mistresses;—or, that part of the opera, in which Signor —— and Signora —— (*we all know who*) fill up the void, while Billington, Viganoni, &c. are refreshing themselves behind the scenes.

18. (S)

Prolonging your stay in London, for the express purpose of going to the Panorama, on the report of a late change in the spectacle; then, after toiling and puffing up to the very top of the building, seeing at your entrance—what you saw yesterday!

19. (S.)

Arriving at the Masquerade, long before the rooms have begun to fill;—with the awful farce of lifeless buffoonery which presents itself at your entrance;—till, at length you have the average allowance of lethargic Harlequins—drunken Hermits—buckish Magicians—sneaking Emperors—august Pedlars—dejected Merry-Andrews—hoydenning Abbesses—drivelling Minervas—lusty Ghosts, &c. &c.—what little character there is, lying, exclusively, among the *Dominos*.

20. (S.)

After having fee'd very high for places at Mrs. Siddons's benefit, being told, on your arrival at the house with your party, that your box has been let by mistake, to the Duchess of ****, and that there is not another place to be had for any—bribe.

Tes. Nay, Master Sensitive, I can't think you have chosen your *happiest Misery* for the last; or rather I won't allow it to be any misery at all; for as *your* pleasure must have lain in getting out of these enchanting places as fast as possible, (though for a particular purpose, you had bound yourself to go into them,) you ought, I think, to have considered it as a high stroke of good luck to have thus reconciled the satisfaction of having attempted to do your duty, with the still higher satisfaction of leaving it undone. For—to fetch a parallel case out of the Roman History—if old Regulus's opinion could be taken upon his own affair, I fancy he would tell us, that though he thought it became him to keep his word by returning to Carthage, for the purpose of occupying that *teizing tub* which the carpenter had fitted up for his reception, he would have been quite as well pleased if he had found, on his arrival, that it had just been let out, "by mistake," to another gentleman!

Sen. Yes, yes; that is all very true;—but, to whisper in your ear a secret, of which you may think I ought to be ashamed,—I suffered, for this only time in my life, the bitterest

mortification at finding the box-door shut in my face.—If I am wrong in this, Mrs. Siddons must answer it; for, as long as *she* remains within the reach of my eyes, and ears, I freely forgive the shrieks of catgut—the bangs of doors—the whistle of catcals—the snuffs of candles—the lungs of the audience—the laziness of the ventilator—the blusterings of apprentices—the critiques of my neighbours—the yawning-time between the pieces—and the accumulated crimes of Author, Composer, Machinist, Prompter, Scene-shifters, Singers, Actors, and Actresses—for her dear, single sake.

Tes. Much good may she do you! for my own part, however, I don't at all fancy the proportion of being "dull for an hour, and mad for a minute;"—besides, the madder the minute, the duller the hour, with me:—I saw her once, myself; and I must own, she so effectually conjured me away to the supposed scene of action, that as often as she finished her speech, I was within an ace of leaping on the stage, and knocking down all the rest of the Dramatis Personæ, for lugging me back again to Covent Garden—no, Drury-lane—it

was before she took her last flight from one stage to the other.—But to come to our chief point;—Public Places, Sir, are Public Pest-houses:—that's clear.—What next?—Have you any other experiments upon human happiness to propose?—If you have, I hope you can contrive to suit them to my occasions; for I am just going a journey that will drag me over half the counties in England.

Sen. Nothing can be more apropos: I was that instant going to tell you of a similar necessity on my part; and as our plans thus agree, what can we do better than take memoranda of the "Miseries of travelling?"—a more fertile field was never opened to the wretched!—You, too, perhaps, as well as myself, propose to take in what are curiously called *Pleasure-excursions* in your way?

Tes. Humph!—aye, so Mrs. Testy seems to think; and if so, I will punish her, by making her keep the diary of detestables on the road.—Any thing else to say?—be quick!

Sen. You seem in wond'rous haste, Mr. Testy. When do you mean to start?

Tes. O, in a quarter of an hour, at latest;

—I made up my mind to going, full two hours ago; and don't remember that I ever loitered so long after I had resolved upon a journey, in all my life:—good bye to you.

Sen. Stay, Sir,—one word more, if you please:—how do you intend to travel?

Tes. Hum—that's a cutting question, Sensitive; how?—why, in more ways than one; and among others, I believe, if you must have it, in—in—in *Stage-coaches*—confound the scoundrels that first thought of them!

Sen. The very point to which I was leading;—so, alas! must I.—Well then; at our next meeting, we will first dispose of the more gentlemanly vexations of the road—those which will overtake us on horse-back, and in our own carriages—and next, as to these periodical nests of vulgarity, in which disgust is let out by the mile,—the Stage-coaches,—we will, afterwards, abuse *them* by themselves, considering them as the very climax and pinnacle of locomotive griefs.

Tes. Well, well—as you please:—I leave

the arrangement of our plagues to you;—as to the plagues themselves, I am secure enough of my full share—and so I hope you have no "more last words," for I can't stay to hear them.

DIALOGUE THE SIXTH.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

Testy Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

Testy.

So! here we are at last, with a private house over our heads, and the free use of our own feet again, for a twelvemonth at least, I hope —bidding a long adieu to Bedlam, in the shape of an inn—flying fields and trees, under the fine name of prospects—wild beasts with saddles clapped on their backs, and so called Horses—and a travelling trap for a sitting room!—I shall really almost think, for a day or two to come, that there is some pleasure in being at home.

Sen. Why, as in the one case your Miseries

come to *you,* while, in the other, you go to *them,* you are so far right, at least, as you prefer the least troublesome mode of being unhappy :—For myself, however, I confess I do not find my feelings quite so accommodating. At home, to be sure, we are ;—yet what is home, but a torment divided into three shares ; one consisting of the recollected Miseries of the last journey—another of the anticipated horrors of the next—and a third, of the stationary stumbling-blocks peculiar to itself.

Tes. Well, Sensitive, I must repeat my old confession, that you are a more dextrous grumbler, where *Mind* is most concerned, than myself; for my part, if my journey, when it is over, would let *Body* alone, I think I could manage my spiritual part tolerably well ;—but here am I, you see, with a sort of traveller's lumbago upon me, from sitting ten or twelve hours on a stretch, (or rather with no stretch at all) doubled up in a box of about two feet and a half square, day after day, and week after week. I verily believe all the bones in my body have shifted places within the last month ; and I don't find that the rheumatism which I caught in my last damp

bed but one, seems to have shuffled them into their old quarters—and still less, the kick of a horse, which, no later than yesterday, took me across the ribs, by way of welcome, at my own door! I have a long account, too, to settle with my *Eyes*, which were never worth a halfpenny, and don't seem much mended by a hot sun, which took advantage of my having left my green spectacles at one of the inns, to stare in upon me all day long, at one window or another, at every twist of the road. —But come! what are you thinking of? It is high time to begin;—you have not served your memorandum-book as I did my glasses, it's to be hoped?

Sen. Alas! but I have—and I have also lost many links of the sad chain of mischances which you seem to have been relating, by endeavouring in vain to recollect where I left it:—but it matters not; my memory, which never fails me in a bad cause, will serve as well; nay, so deep is the impression which my late *Travels* have left upon my imagination, that I would undertake to record them faithfully at a deferred conference, an hundred years hence.—As you appear to have a

peculiar kindness for *Inns,* I will treat you with a choice sample of satisfactions in that walk of enjoyment.

Groan 1. (S.)

In the room of an inn to which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delassemens de cœur*;—and first for the *Morning:*—examining the scrawled window-panes, in hopes of curious verses, and finding nothing more *piquant* than "I love pretty Sally Appleby of Chipping-Norton."—"Sweet Dolly Meadows!"—"A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. &c. dined here July the 4th, 1739."—"I am very *unappy.* Sam. Jennings."—"Life at best is but a jest."—"Wm. Wilkins is a fool;"—with "So are you," written under it.—"*dam pit,*" &c. &c. together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

Then for your *Evening* recreations:—After having for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints, or ornaments, with which the room is hung—(such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Virtues, daubed over, any how, with purple, red, and raspberry-cream colours—or a series of halfpenny prints, called "Going out in the Morning,"—Starting a

Hare,"—" Coming in at the Death," &c.—or a Jemmy Jessamy lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee, in the dirt, before a coy May-pole Miss in an old-fashioned riding dress; both figures being partly coloured, and partly plain —or a goggling wax Queen bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and green varnished leaves—or the map of England, with only about four counties, and *no* towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, " aged 10 years,"—or a little fat plasterman on the chimney-piece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth; being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in Harlequin jackets, at the two extremities—after getting all this by heart, (I say) asking, in despair, for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's Farriery—three or four wrecks of different spelling books—Gauging made easy—a few odd vols. of the Racing Calendar —an *abridged Abridgment* of the History of England in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing —an old list of Terms, Transfer days, &c. with Tax Tables, &c. &c.—in each of which you try a few

pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust.

Tes. "O, horror, horror, horror, horror, horror!"—I can never hope to go beyond this, and so you must take the will for the deed—and yet the following would have made no bad figure, had it stood by itself; you shall hear;—

2. (T.)

In riding against the wind—feeling a great insect dash into your eye—("subitò oculis objicitur monstrum!")—then, after carrying it home in an agony, and sitting for an hour while the socket is rummaged with the corner of an handkerchief—your eye left sorer than ever, the animal seeming considerably grown, since he first took shelter under your "pent-house lid."

3. (S.)

Starting for a long ride, on a dinner engagement, without a great coat, in a mist, which successively becomes a mizzle, a drizzle, a shower, a rain, a torrent:—on arriving at the house, at last, completely drenched, you have to beg the favour of making yourself look like a full or an empty sack, by wearing your host's *intractable* clothes.

Tes. O, I can dine out as provokingly as you can:—

4. (T.)

Riding out to dinner, many miles off, on a beast that will not quit his walk, while you know that nothing short of a full gallop will save your time:—no spurs, and nothing in your hand but a weak stick, which you presently break into a *flail;* and this (for fear of being reduced to the stump) you are obliged to use more gently than before, though the animal would take more beating (if you had it to give,) than ever.

5. (S.)

On your return from an excursion to North Wales, the Lakes, &c. being asked by the first friend you meet whether you saw *****, naming the most celebrated spot in the whole tour—the only place, however, which by some villainous mischance you did *not* see.

6. (T.)

On packing up your own clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool—the burning fever into which you are thrown, when, after all your standing, stamping, lying, kneeling, tugging, and kicking, at the lid of your trunk, it still peremptorily

refuses to approach nearer than half a yard to the lock.

7. (T.)

The flap of a limber saddle rolling up, and galling, and pinching your calf, just above the half-boot, through a long day's ride.

8. (T.)

A very high hard-trotting horse, who sets off before you have discovered that the stirrups are too long to assist you in humouring his jolt;—then, trying in vain to stop him.

9. (T.)

Beguiling a long distance in a carriage, at night, over an execrable road, with a drunken coachman, jaded horses, and frightened ladies.

10. (T.)

At an inn, after pulling off your boots,—the option of going barefoot the rest of the evening, or expatiating in a pair of boundless slippers that have been tenanted by a thousand feet; and which, when you *do* wear them, (as you must in going up to bed over the wet stairs,) are stumbled off, and to be stooped for, when you are dead asleep, at every stair, from the ground to the garret.

11. (T.)

At the moment when your horse is beginning to run away with you, losing your stirrup—which runs away too; and bangs your instep raw, as often as you attempt to catch it with your foot.

12. (S.)

In a summer excursion with a delightful party—having one Black Sheep in your flock, who, though he obtruded himself upon the company, neither enjoys fine scenery, joins in your gaiety, can put up with inconveniences on the road, nor readily falls in with your travelling arrangements—yet will not take himself away.

13. (T.)

Being mounted on a beast who, as soon as you have watered him on the road, proceeds very coolly to repose himself in the middle of the pond, without taking you at all into his counsel, or paying the slightest attention to your vivid remonstrances on the subject

14. (T.)

Sleeping—or ather trying in vain to sleep—at an inn, on the assembly night: your chamber being immediately contiguous to the ball-room, and your ears assailed, till the time of rising, by the constant

din of feet and fiddles—not to mention perpetual irruptions of whole herds of Bucks, blundering into your room, full of jest, and roaring for refreshments, &c.—neither lock nor bolt to the door.

15. (S.)

On a solitary journey—arriving at a poor town at the time of the Fair, or on market day, and (the only tolerable house being full) being shewn into "the worst inn's worst room," the centre of which is occupied by a large round deal table, well slopped with beer, the whole apartment reeking with the stale fumes of tobacco;—while you remain, your solitude is enlivened by the roaring jocularity of drovers, draymen, poachers, &c. &c. idling over their mugs by the fire side, and scarcely divided from you by a thin partition.

16. (T.)

A coach-window-glass, that will not be put up when it is down, nor down when it is up.

17 (T)

On arriving, with a foundered horse, at a lone inn, with the intention of taking a bed,—every room occupied; so that you are under the necessity of passing a frosty night in a chair by the

side of a sullen fire, while you solace yourself, hour after hour, with a succession of abortive attempts to feed it into a blaze:—

"But lo! the burning fire that shone so bright
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light:
That other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell—and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night!"

Dryd. Pal. and Arc.

18. (S.)

In travelling on horse-back through an uninhabited country, enquiring your way, as you proceed, of different rustics, each of whom, besides giving you unintelligible directions as to your road, represents the place in question as many miles farther off than it had been reported by the last; thus making you seem to *recede* in your *progress*; —not to mention your expense of time and temper, from their anxious and *useful* enquiries as to the point from which you started, together with their rigmarole wonderings and lamentations at the number of miles which you have travelled out of your way.

19. (T.)

After having, with the utmost difficulty, closed,

and locked, and corded, your crammed trunk—being obliged to undo all, in order to get at something which lurks at the very bottom :—this, two or three times over.

20. (T.)

Attempting to pencil memoranda in a curricle, on a single piece of paper placed in the palm of your left hand :—cross road.

21. (S.)

The moment of discovering that you have dropped a highly-valued hereditary whip or stick out of an open carriage, without knowing when or where.

22. (T.)

Getting up for a journey, with a racking headache, which has kept you awake till within half an hour of the time when you are called—the following scene having passed between you and your travelling companion :—

" Mane, piger, stertis :—Surge! inquit; eja
Surge!—Negas.—Instat: surge! inquit :—non
queo :—surge!" *Pers.*[1]

---

[1] You, snoring, dream till noon : — " Up! up!" he cries.
No, no :—" Yes! Yes! get up!"—I can't :—" Rise, Rise!"

23. (S.)

While on a visit, without a servant—counting out your linen (shaking piece by piece) for the wash, and drawing up, at intervals, a *catalogue raisonnée* of the litter.

24. (S.)

Going to an inn at Newmarket, Epsom, &c. at the close of the race-week, and finding nothing but dirt and confusion—empty larder—servants worn out and dead asleep, &c. and the whole town "as dull as a great thaw." *Shak.*

25. (T.)

On the road, suddenly finding your stock of snuff exhausted;—then, on flying to a shop in a country town, at which you are told that they have all sorts—nothing but Scotch.

Ned Tes.

"O Scotland! Scotland!"

26. (T.)

On opening your trunk, after a long journey, discovering that the snuff contained in an ill-packed canister, has "burst its cearments," and grimed itself into your clean linen, &c.

27. (S.)

In riding—after having dismounted in a solitary place, being refused by your horse the liberty of remounting him—no one being at hand to hold his head—so that, after many hard, but ineffectual struggles with him, he finishes the dispute by a parting kick, and so takes his leave.

28. (S.)

In seeing what is called "a Shew-house,"—keeping pace, whether you will or not, through all the rooms, with another party, (Hottentots,)—by which means, besides having your privacy destroyed, you cannot hear (or cannot understand) what is said by one guide, for the continual counter-gabble of the other.

29. (T.)

On arriving at an inn, half-drowned, and half-frozen, in an open carriage, and eagerly flying for your life to the kitchen fire, as the warmest place, —being, every instant, humped, bumped, hustled, bustled, scalded, and scolded, from your post, by a mob of red-hot cooks and scullions, waiters, &c. as they are in the full fermentation of getting up two or three large dinners.

Sen. Poor Mr. Testy! — *there* was both the "stare loco nescit," and the "et tremit artus." *Virg.*

Tes. Yes, and I have another shivering misery for you.

30. (T.)

In a bleak ride—to be kept freezing at a turnpike-gate for half an hour, while you fumble in your pocket, with a thick glove on, (which you have not courage to take off) for pence to pay;—your fingers being so stupified by the cold, that, even without a glove, they could not feel the difference between a handkerchief and a halfpenny.

31. (T.)

Evening relaxation for two, at a bad inn:—on asking for a back-gammon-board, seeing one brought in, in ruins—the men half lost, and the dice quite: if you are still bent on playing, you supply the deficiency of the former with wafers, pocket-pieces, lip-salve-boxes, cut cards, &c. and of the latter with bits of cork, shaped out as you can, burning out the dots with a red-hot fork, which, in your hurry, occasionally jerks off, and drills a *deuce* or two extraordinary in your own hand——

Ned Tes.

" Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
When we do *quicken.*"

This is Horace's

" *Periculosæ* plenum opus *aleæ.*"

with a vengeance!

Tes. I won't be interrupted, Ned! — (*he reads on*)

———deuce or two extraordinary in your own hand; and when all is done, your dice might as well be cogged; for, from the great difference you have made in the breadth of their faces, they turn up, 99 times in 100, the same numbers.

32. (S.)

Visiting an awful Ruin, in the company of a Romp, of one sex, or a Hun, of the other.

33. (S.)

At a bad inn—a very small egg brought to you in a very tall wine glass, at the bottom of which, the eggs lips and tumbles about, far below the reach of your fingers and the spoon.

34. (S.)

At an inn-dinner—when you have ordered some

fruit, and received a sprightly "Yes, Sir!" from the waiter, which raises your hopes to the highest pitch, seeing, after a long delay, the promised treat set upon the table—consisting of one dish of mellow apples, a second of green medlars, a third of flinty grapes, and a fourth of withered walnuts—the only circumstance of reality attending your sham-desert being the very substantial price which you are made to pay for it.

25. (S.)

In a sketching ramble—a charming morsel of the picturesque breaking out upon you, with every attendant advantage of sun and distance—delicious catching lights on the principal objects, &c. &c. —then, just as you have snatched out your drawing-apparatus, and are in the act of striking the first stroke—seeing the sun quietly slink behind a mass of black clouds, where he *sports oak* for the rest of the day.

36. (T.)

When you are on horse-back, alone—the outer bandage of a hurt in your bridle-hand coming undone, and all the rest of the binders loosely dangling half on, and half off.

Ned Tes.

——— ——" felices ter et amplius,
Quos *irrupta* tenet *copula !*" , *Hor.*

37. (S.)

After you have rashly ventured upon an unexamined sandwich at an inn, discovering, as you get on, that it contains more butter (and that bad) than bread; and, for one inch of lean, four or five of stringy fat.

38. (S.)

On the road—one of the wheels of your carriage beginning to creak miserably:—not a ladle full of grease within twenty miles.

39. (T.)

Your carriage-horses all at once standing inflexibly still, just as you are entering, late in the evening, upon Hounslow-heath, with half your income in your pocket, and no pistols to guard it.

40. (S.)

After passing many days at an inn, in a very remote place, where you are totally unknown, (at the Isle of Wight, for instance, where it happened to *me*,) calling for the bill, at leaving the house;

and, on applying to your purse, finding nothing higher than shillings and sixpences, and very few of *them*.

41. (T.)

Bursting your gloves at the beginning of a cold, rainy day's journey, on horseback, through an unfrequented country, without a glove-shop to be found in it; and so holding the bridle with wet frozen fingers dangling out of the torn places.

42. (S.)

Ascertaining—from the *natural consequences* of that mode of travelling—that one or two of your wheels have slipped their linch-pins!

43. (S.)

In North Wales—after a long morning's ramble over Snowdon—on returning, half-famished, to your ill-provided inn, finding that *the fowl* and vegetables, which you had bespoken for dinner, have just been clawed off the spit, and out of the pot, vi et armis, by half a dozen *head* of low, blustering rascallions, who had come in from *their* hilly excursion, bellowing for food, a few minutes before you.

Ned Tes.

" At subito, horrifico lapsu *de montibus* adsunt,
Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant
Immundo : tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem."

Virg.

44. (T.)

Discovering, at the end of a long and fatiguing journey, that you have involuntarily lightened your travelling carriage by leaving, two or three hundred miles behind, the box of letters, papers, account-books, &c. which constituted the sole object of your expedition.

Sen. So, Sir; here seems to end the list of our politer inconveniences in the character of travellers :—and now, you remember, no doubt, the subject with which we agreed to defile our tongues during the remainder of our interview ? We were, in the last place, you know, to count the stings received from the various reptiles that swarm in and about *Stage-coaches.*

Tes. Count them ?—you don't mean *all* of them, I trust ?—not that I am going to accuse myself of having kept my accounts in a very slovenly way; but only, that if you expect

the *whole* amount of the punctures you talk of, why, you might just as well require me to deliver in a *tale* of all the pores in my skin: you'd better have sent out Jedidiah Buxton, if he is still in the land of the living, to cater for "groans" along the road: he, who could multiply three or four long rows of figures by his head, might, possibly, have been able to keep summing up his twinges, as fast as he felt them; but as for me, between my suffering and my ciphering, I should have counted myself into a strait-waistcoat, I fancy, long before I had reached the first stage of my journey!

Sen. Gently, Mr. Testy.—I did not intend to overload you like one of the coaches of which we are speaking; I shall be content with a few selections from the great mass of your mortifications—such as I propose to produce in my turn.

Tes. O, your servant!—those you shall have without demur—that is, if I can manage to spell out Mrs. Testy's pretty scribble here—do but look!—it seems as if a spider had dropped into the ink-stand, and then crawled all over the paper.—I am a man of my word, you see, Sensitive—I kept her close to

her task, as I said I would, through all the heaviest part of our journey, (which I need not say, was the stage-coach part,) and gave her a new pencil as soon as we got into the Fly—(the *Fly !*—impudent dogs !—I wonder it had not been the *Eagle;* our *flight,* you must know, was at the rate of about three miles an hour, stoppages *not* included;—if they had come to *me* for a name, I should have given them "The *Slug,*")—but come—let's see how she begins;

MISERIES OF STAGE-COACHES.

Groan 1. (T.)

Sitting down to a stage-coach dinner, at a vile inn, with the outside passengers let in upon you—and, as soon as you have begun to lose some part of your misery, by having helped yourself to something better than you expected, the Coachman bursting in, and then bursting *out,* with "All ready, Gem'men !"—

Ned Tes.

"Libavitque dapes, rursusque innoxius imo
Successit *tumulo,* et depasta" cibaria "liquit."

Virg.

Tes. Well said, Maro!—I could hug the dog for the word *tumulo*—a name for a stage-coach which beasts *rumble-tumble, caterpillar,* and every other English nick-name, out of the field.

2. (S.)

Travelling a few hundred miles in a stage-coach—I beg pardon—in a "*Slug*"—in which you, at first, found one very acceptable person—who, however, just as you have become extremely intimate, leaves you, early in the first day's journey, exposed to a dull, coarse crew, who overwhelm you with gloom, disgust, and self-abasement, during the everlasting remainder of your jumble.

3. (T.)

After having over-slept yourself at the inn, (in consequence of your bad bed having kept you awake two thirds of the night,) dressing yourself in a fever; then, on hastily pulling at your tight ill-dried boot, seeing your heel, and half your foot, come staring out, with a loud crash, through the leather behind:—in this unspeakable moment, hearing the last curse of the waiting coachman, as he furiously drives off without you, in the midst

of your bellowed intreaties that he would stop an instant longer.

Sen. Not he!—or he would not be a stage-coachman:—

Ned Tes. No:—

——"*frustra* retinacula tendens,
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus."—*Virg.*

4. (S.

Just as you are going off, with only one other person on your side of the coach, who, you flatter yourself, is the last,—seeing the door suddenly opened, and the guard, coachman, hostler, &c. &c. craning, shoving, and buttressing up an overgrown, puffing, greasy, human Hog, of the butcher, or grazier-breed—the whole machine straining and groaning under its cargo, from the box to the basket.—By dint of incredible efforts and contrivances, the Carcase is, at length, weighed up to the door, where it has next to struggle with various and heavy obstructions in the passage. When, at lengh, the whole Beast is fairly slung in, and (after about a quarter of an hour consumed in the operation,) plunged down and bedded, with the squelch of a falling Ox, and the grunt of a Rhinoceros,—you find yourself suddenly

viced in, from the shoulder to the hip; upon which the Monster—when, in another quarter of an hour, he has finally pumped, and panted, and snortled himself into tranquillity,—begins to make himself merry with your misery, and keeps braying away,—totally callous to the dumb frowns, or muttered execrations, ("curses not loud but deep") of the whole coach.

Tes. O the quaggy rascal!—how I'd have kneaded him with my elbows about the kidneys!—yes—I'd have given him a little *bone* to his fat; and then I'd have got all the passengers, above and below, to lend me a hand in working, and rolling him to the door, and then lowering him down the steps; and so there we'd have left him, flouncing and wallowing in the middle of the road, like a stranded Grampus!

Sen. Nay, Mr. Testy, though, in the present case, *I* was the sufferer, and *groaned* sufficiently under the annoyance, I must beg leave to say, in behalf of my fat foe, that such vengeance would have exceeded all bounds; nor have I ever understood that a man's legal right to a seat in a stage coach,

is to be determined by weight and scale.—How, then, would you have proceeded under the following still more aggravated circumstances?

5. (S.)

On entering a stage-coach for a long journey, finding (amongst other pleasant inmates,) at least one muddling mother, with a sick—but not silent—infant:—windows all as close as wax, for the poor child's sake!

You know me, Mr. Testy, and can conceive the state of my feelings on this occasion—I cannot tell you against which I was most envenomed—the child, or the mother.

Tes. Nay, I hope you are not very uneasy under that doubt; for Virgil, who was in the same puzzle, seems to think it can never be settled,—one, he says, being exactly as bad as the other!

——— "crudelis tu quoque, mater:—
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?—
Improbus ille puer—crudelis tu quoque mater."—

You see, he had been beating his brains about the matter for a long time, and yet could not

make up his mind to any thing decisive, at last,—As to myself, I am always much most bitter against the brat:—in a stage-coach, above all places,

"Quodcunque ostendis mihi SICK, (O that I could add *incredulus!*) odi." *Hor.*

6. (S.)

In one of what are called the *short* stages, the *long* time during which you are doomed to *reside* at the door of one public-house after another, while the rascally driver stops to make himself drunker and drunker.

7. (S.)

While passing in the mail-coach through a delightful country, catching perpetual glimpses of the most picturesque scenes, or objects — from which, however, you are unfeelingly whirled away, in the midst of your passionate longings to stop and sketch them.

8. (S.)

The attempts at Sleep which you make in a night-coach, under the following *lulling* circumstances:—no night-cap—clapping your head, with a new hat on it (which you feel that you are ruining for ever) against the side-pannel, from which it

is incessantly cuffed and bumped away by the jumps and jolts of the coach — your knees miserably cramped — your opposite neighbour continually bobbing forward, in his sleep, into your stomach— the guard's horn frequently braying you broad awake out of your momentary doze—feverish restlessness all over you, &c.;—then, just as you are, at last, sinking into something very like a nap, making a dead stop at the inn where the passengers are to sup; when you all yawn, limp, shiver, and blunder along, in the dark, to a cold room, where you sit in gloomy, weary, numb, stupid silence, waiting without end for the supper, which, when brought in at last, you cannot touch, though very hungry; till at length, you crawl, jaded and grumbling, back to your endless, hopeless, harassing jumble—On looking out of the window at day-break, you find that you are just taking leave of a sublime or beautiful country, through which you have been stealing all night; and entering on a dull, barren flat, which continues through the day —as it had done through the day before.

9. (T.)

On stopping at a public house, to water the horses, in the middle of a burning day, eagerly ordering something to drink, which the waiter is

so long in bringing, that the coachman will wait no longer; then, at the moment when he has driven off, looking wistfully back, and seeing a fine frothing tankard brought out for you: — coachman inexorable.

10. (T.)

In a coach which is made to carry but four, and is full, — being assailed by the most vehement importunities to take in what they call *a lady*; leaving you only a choice of Miseries—granting, or refusing.

11. (S.)

Seeing at the door of an inn at which the coach stops, a most bewitching creature, with whom you fall, instantly, deeply, and inextricably in love—but who suddenly trips away, and is succeeded at her post by a Harridan, with a face *tattooed* with wrinkles—the very home of ugliness and spite; and who continues as the substitute of your charmer during the remainder of your halt.

12. (S.)

After starting on a very long journey, through a variety of strange counties, discovering that you have left your road-book behind, so that you see every thing in profound ignorance; not knowing whether the town through which you are passing is

Kidderminster or Aberdeen, &c. &c.—the other passengers all fools, or foreigners, with no light to throw on the difficulty.

13. (T.)

Seeing and hearing the roof of a crazy coach groan, crack, and bend, over your head, beneath the successive flouncing weights of a dozen ponderous passengers, who continue to "keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads," by shifting their places twenty times during the journey.

14. (S.)

First, failing of a place in a night-coach; then, (your journey urgent, and no other conveyance to be had) the cool comfort of a seat on the roof, without a great coat, amidst a gang of wretches, while a sleety rain is just coming on.

Sen. There, there, Mr. Testy!—in pity, let us go no farther—though you, I see, as well as myself, have still a formidable list behind.—In our distresses of a more lofty and generous character, where dignity remains unblemished, we have hitherto been able to support ourselves under the severest torments

of memory, which even in their worst extremities, leave us, still, the glory of falling, as it were, by the hands of the brave: — but, really, after having already descended to actual contact with the pollutions of a stage-coach, to be thus poisoning each other with their posthumous effluvia, by a voluntary act of imagination, were to die like hogs, instead of heroes.

Tes. O I'll have done, with all my heart; —besides, as we can believe *each other* without proof, you know, it is only so much good fortitude thrown away; and so I beg we may bottle up the remainder of our nauseous arguments for our enemies, against the day of trial, whenever it may come.—So then!—upon the whole, friend Sensitive, between one sort of carriage and another, roads, saddle-horses, inns, and all—a rare round of wandering adventures we have gone through!—who would sit moping at home, when he could be a *traveller?*

Sen. Why, as you and I, according to all present appearances, probably *shall* sit at home for the rest of our lives, or take but short flights in the way of visits among our

neighbours, I have just been scheming a new employment for us in our own way, which will be perfectly compatible with our diminished activity as travellers?—I mean, that of noting down the *comforts* of *Society*. Man, they tell us, is "a social animal:"—let us see, then, how he acquits himself in that character; and what advantages attend the practice of "going into company," as the phrase is, which should hinder us from envying Robinson Crusoe, who was under the fortunate necessity of reducing *his* visiting-list to a parrot, a blackamoor, and a few goats.

Tes. With all my heart:—I have lately been over-run with cards of invitation without number; and though I had resolved to say *No* to them all, and keep myself out of the way of being pestered with any body's freaks, or follies, but my own—*and* Mrs. Testy's; I will devote myself, Curtius-like, to this gulf, for the good of our cause. And so, if I can contrive to struggle out again, "I will meet you at Phillippi," or whatever place your *Ghost* shall name—for *you*, I think, with all your *mind* about you, will hardly survive

this series of pitched battles with other minds, which you have before you.

Sen. I am under some alarm for myself, I must confess; and especially as I am not much better provided than yourself with the defence of patience; however, when my *shield* is worn out, I believe I must imitate your example, and brandish a *cudgel.*—And so I leave you.

Tes. Aye, to dress for *Company,* as *I* must —like two bulls tricked out for sacrifice:—let them take care, though, that we don't break our cords, and take to *tossing*—that's all.

DIALOGUE THE SEVENTH.

MISERIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

Testy.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, indeed! No, no,—*Timon* or *Diogenes*, if you will—*these* are the Recluses for me:—the privilege of storming and railing is all I have purchased by making my bow in drawing-rooms; and I won't part with it for a trifle.—I have got safe through it, though; and so, ladies and gentlemen, your humble servant!—tomorrow morning, I sell my house, and buy a hermitage.

Sen. Nay, my good friend, what have *I* done?—Let our doors be still open to *each*

other, at least; if only for the satisfaction of groaning in concert over the *evils* of *good* company—in which I mean to include, not merely the voluntary outrages we have been incessantly suffering from our companions themselves, but likewise the thwarting accidents, the perverse perplexities, the unexpected *contretems*, with which Fortune herself, in pure malignity, delights to strew the carpet of social intercourse.—I will open with one from this last mentioned class of distractions;—(*producing his list*) for,—excuse me, my friend — I cannot converse;—"the genial current of my soul" is "frozen up"—my animal spirits are poisoned at the fountain—and I am dead to every faculty, or desire, but those of pouring out the gathered gall that frets within me;—

"the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

Tes. Come, then—"give sorrow words."—This is *your* day, Sensitive:—I, who, you know, am almost all *bone and body*, as the jockies say, can have little to throw into the hoard of *spiritual* solicitudes. However, you

may judge from the fury, in which you found me just now, that I am not quite so raw as you may fancy, even in this branch of our business—

"Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora."

And as to your second division of company-comforts, of a more mechanical kind, I have revelled in *them* from morning till night—so much so, indeed, that, to tell you the truth, I have been little in a humour for the tranquil drudgery of noting them down in my tablets; —I have funded a few loose agonies, however, of both sorts;—and so as they are *but* a few, perhaps I might as well produce them at once; after which, I'll give you your head during the rest of our way.

Sen. Begin, Sir, by all means; and while I attend to you, I will endeavour to rouse my courage for the severer retrospect to which I am doomed;—yet which, (by one of those exquisite paradoxes in feeling, wherewith the texture of my fibres is so mystically intertissued,) I at the same time, long .....

Tes. Whew!—upon my soul, you are a very fine sort of a—what must I call you?—*gentleman angel*, I believe—you put my poor

stock of straight-forward phraseology quite upon the stretch to reach after you!—and so now, if your *Etherialty* can condescend to take any interest in such *earthly* stuff as I have been able to rake together, I will go over a few of "the ills that *flesh* is heir to"—as I have lately found to my cost:

GROAN 1. (T.)

In attempting to take up the poker softly, (an invalid asleep in the room) throwing it violently down, sociably accompanied by the tongs and shovel in its fall.

2. (T.)

Briskly stooping to pick up a lady's fan at the same moment when two other gentlemen are doing the same, and so *making a cannon* with your head against both of theirs—and this without being the happy man, after all.

3. (S.)

On entering the room, to join an evening party composed of remarkably grave, strict, and precise persons, suddenly finding out that you are drunk; and (what is still worse) that the company has *shared* with you in the discovery—though you thought you were, and fully intended to be, rigidly sober.

4. (S.)

A perpetual blister — alias, a sociable next-door-neighbour, who has taken a violent affection for *you*, in return for your no less violent antipathy to *him*.

Mrs. Tes. To *her*, if you please :—I am sure that odious Mrs. M'*Call* will fairly worry me out of my life, if she stays in our neighbourhood three months longer.

Ned Tes.

"Væ miseræ nimium vicina!" *Virg.*

5. (S.)

A fellow, who, after having obliquely applied to you for instruction upon any subject, keeps shewing a restless anxiety to seem already fully informed upon it; perpetually interrupting your answer with —"Yes, Sir—Yes, yes, I know—true, I am perfectly aware of that—O, of course!"—&c. &c. &c.

6. (T.)

Visiting a remarkably *nice Lady*, who lets you discover, by the ill-suppressed convulsion of her features and motions, that she considers your shoes as not sufficiently wiped, (in your passage over at least twenty mats)—that you stand too near to a

darling jar—lean rather too *emphatically* against the back of your chair—are in danger of waking *Shock*, by speaking in too high a key, &c. &c.—till you begin to envy the situation of real prisoners.

7. (T.)

Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

8. (T.)

After having been accidentally detained on a water-excursion far beyond the time you have to spare, rowing homeward, against wind and tide, with an appointment of the utmost consequence before you, which, you know, will soon be—*behind* you.—Then, in plucking out your watch to see *how much* too late you shall be, jerking it over the side of the boat, and seeing it *founder* in an instant.

There, Sir; I have done; it is but a scanty budget of disasters, you'll say;—but, to go back to our old distinction, what it wants in number, it makes up in weight, I hope.

Sen. They are very "decent sorrows," Mr. Testy; don't be discouraged.—Whether mine

deserve to be considered as excelling them, it is not for me to determine; you shall immediately be enabled to form your own opinion, for I have now collected courage to encounter the recapitulation. Take them, for the present, in their rude state;—for I have not yet found calmness to digest each under the separate chapter of chagrins into which I have said that my social miseries resolve themselves.

9. (S.)

Suddenly thinking of your best argument in a debate, and, in your eagerness to state it, swallowing your wine the wrong way, and so squeaking and croaking more and more unintelligibly, with the tears running down your cheeks, till the conversation has been turned, or your antagonist has left the company:—

——— "in mediis conatibus, ægri
Succidimus;—non lingua valet, non corpore notæ
Sufficiunt vires—nec vox, nec verba sequuntur."

Virg.[1]

[1] "We, 'midst our strugglings, fainting powerless,
Fail—not the tongue can do its wonted task,
Nor in our frames the well known functions serve,
Nor voice, nor will articulation come."

Tes. Excuse me for interrupting you—but I just recollect a still worse case of the same kind :—

10. (T.)

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms. Or,

11. (T.)

Losing your way in an argument, so as to be obliged suddenly to hold your tongue, though, an instant before, you had the whole series of your reasonings full in view, and could you have brought them to bear upon your opponent at the proper moment, he must have been struck dead.

12. (S.)

Accompanying a fond father in his attendance at his daughter's "dancing-day," at a petty boarding-school.

13. (S.)

After relating an excellent story, or pointed witticism, to a strange company—the frosty silence, vacant stare, cold *hums*, and dry *ha's*, with which it

is received by the different auditors, of whose stolidity you had not been aware.

Tes. Yes, yes, I have been there too;—you might as well crack jokes in a dormitory at the dead of night, as in certain parties:—"Joco uti illo, quidem, licet—sed sicut in somno et quietibus cæteris."— But stay—since you think yourself my master in story-telling miseries, I am determined to cure you of that mistake, though I break in upon you once more:—

14. (T.)

After telling, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing, that you had it—*from himself!*

Sen. You have won this hit, I confess;—but the game will be mine, be assured;—I proceed, and, I think, shall stagger you with my first move:

15. (S.)

After dinner, with a favourite party, when the cloth has been removed, and the wine of conversa-

tion, as well as of the bottle, is just beginning to brighten,—seeing the door open, and a string of staring babies brought in, and carried round, to be caressed and admired, during the rest of the sitting; —an outrage from which there is not even a bye-law, or dead-letter statute, under our otherwise happy constitution, which will afford you the smallest redress.

16. (S.)

Coming in too late for a breakfast-engagement, and being contemplated in silence by the rest of the company, who have done, but who think it polite to remain seated round the table, while you hastily wash down your glazed toast and butter, with drawn, vapid, cold tea—which, bad as it is, you prefer to the operose process of a fresh preparation for you.

Tes. Breakfast!—pho! pho!—*dinner*:—

17. (T.)

Invading an humble regular family, (while quietly assembled round the dinner table,) upon the *wrong day*.—On entering the room, you catch the footman in the act of removing the cloth—now to be relaid, and slowly spread with the luke-warm ruins of the late meal, tumultuously remanded from the kitchen, half-rescued as it is from the clutches of

the Hogs and Harpies below, and alternately seasoned, as you proceed, with stigmas upon every fork-full you take up, and panegyricks upon the delightful party with whom you were anxiously expected to partake it on the day before.

18. (S.)

Balking a good gape, by forcing your lips close together, in order to keep it a secret from a dull dog, that you are yawning in your sleeve at his stupidity.

19. (S.)

Paying a long visit at the retired house of a well meaning Soul, whose only idea of entertaining you is that of never leaving you a moment by yourself.

20. (S.)

Seeing a swaggering smatterer in knowledge encircled by his levee of listeners, who blindly recognise his claim to be considered as an oracle ;—pepetually, and bowingly, consulting him, and then patiently swallowing the response, like a bolus, without venturing to analyze it.

21. (S.)

Being caught in the fact of ogling your charmer, by the tattling Tabby from whom you are most desirous of concealing your tender anguish.

21. (S.)

On making a morning call at the house of a retired old lady — all your conversation wholly giving way to that of the *dumb* creatures who compose her parlour-menagerie — parrots, mackaws, cats, puppies, squirrels, monkeys, &c. &c.—which open upon you all together, at the moment of your entrance, and never cease till that of your departure :—

" At once, an universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
With loudest vehemence assaults his ear—
And tumult, and confusion, all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths !"

the good old Dowager seeming rather pleased with, so far from once attempting to silence, this horrible " strife of tongues."

22. (S.)

Finding that your sagacious servant has cautiously denied you to the only person whom you ordered him to admit, and who has gone away, without leaving his address ;—or, that he has as carefully *produced* you to the single person whom you had sworn him to exclude.

23. (S.)

Keeping an old engagement with foggy folks, when strongly solicited to join a party of bright ones.——Item, receiving an invitation of the latter kind, on the day *after* the party has taken place.

24. (S.)

Immediately after expressing to a person your sorrow at having been from home when he lately called upon you—incautiously letting out some circumstance which completely disproves your *alibi*.

Ned Tes. Too bad, indeed!—a man is never at a worse nonplus than when, like poor Darius—

"*exposed* he *lies*."

Sen. Yes, and you may proceed—

"Without a friend to close his eyes!"

as he looks the man who has detected him, in the face.

25. (S.)

The hour before dinner during which you sit in a solemn circle of strangers:

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent! *Virg.*[1]

Tes. Yes, and this when

26. (T.)

During that hour, you are waiting for one who, on his entrance, shews you the face of *another* stranger, instead of that of your particular friend, who has been invited to meet you, but sends an excuse.

27. (S.)

Endeavouring in vain to hear a person's remark, or question, addressed to you; and after repeatedly saying "I beg your pardon, Sir," &c. and making him go over it again, and again, *still* not hearing him,—

"Nequicquam ingeminans, iterumque vocavit."[2]

and so being reduced either to look foolish, and

---

[1] Horror, e'en Silence' self appals their souls!"

[2] ——— in vain repeating,
Again, and yet again he spake.——

remain quite silent, or, in your anxiety to seem to have heard him, answering altogether *à tort et à travers.*

28. (S.)

The miscarriage of a letter announcing the day and hour of your visit to a friend;—so that, on your arrival on horse-back, after a long journey, (and this, too, from accidents on the road, late at night,) you find the family all a-bed:—when after an hour's bawling and knocking, you have succeeded in bringing a servant to the window, and with great difficulty, convinced him that you are not a mad house-breaker, you are at length let in, and on exploring the deserted rooms, in search of warmth and refreshment, find no better entertainment than —fires raked out—empty larder—cellar locked up —no bed prepared, &c. &c.—and to conclude, no stabling for your horse, nor any public-house in the place.

29. (S.)

In conversation — inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever droned.

30. (S.)

After sincerely and heartily agreeing with one

whose kindness you much wish to conciliate, in some violent sentiment—finding, from his reply, that you have totally mistaken his meaning, and that he detests your opinion, and you his; so that, after a feeble attempt to extricate yourself, you suddenly hold your tongue:—

"Dixit,—et extemplo, (neque enim responsa dabantur
Fida satis,) sensit medios delapsus in hostes:
Obstupuit,—retroque pedem, cum voce repressit."
Virg. [1]

31. (S.)

Living with, or even visiting, one, whose feelings widely differ from your own with regard to the admission of fresh air.

Tes. Plain spoken enough, Sensitive:—you know pretty well that, upon this point, I am a mole, and you a camelion; but I understand the hint, and so, as you have an extraordinary call for breath just now—up goes the window.

---

[1] He said—and straight, from the reply unsure,
Felt him 'mid foes betray'd: amaz'd he stood,
And check'd his tongue, recoiling.——

Sen. Thank you, Sir—though I am certainly innocent of the imputed insinuation.

32. (S.)

After having, with much contrivance, effected an introduction between two persons whom you considered as formed to take delight in each other, discovering, before the first interview is half over, that they are *centrifugal* with respect to each other.

33. (S.)

The abortive attempts which you occasionally make to seem in high spirits when you are both stupid and wretched; so that your mirth, like Macbeth's *Amen*, "sticks in your throat:"—perceiving, moreover, that the imposture is detected.

Or—what is almost as bad—

34. (S.)

In trying to laugh at the heavy joke of a good man, but a vile jester, ("hilaris cum pondere virtus") producing only that sort of spurious chuckle, or laborious ha! ha!" which you feel must betray you, even to the worthy Wag himself, though not at all of a suspicious nature:—then,

on being loudly asked by one of the company "what is the joke," being driven to confess that you "do not know"—as, in truth, you do not; having laughed gratuitously, (without hearing, or taking, what was said,) merely to pleasure the old Gentlemen, whose smiling eye, thrown round the table at the conclusion of his speech, had levied a general tax upon the muscles of his friends.

Ned Tes. "Γέλως ακαιρος ἐν βροτοις δεινον κακον." [1] *Frag. Vet.*

Sen. But there is another compliment of the countenance, which costs me more still:

35. (S.)

The necessity sometimes imposed on you of wringing your features into a smirk, in addressing a poltroon, who is a tiger at home, and a lamb abroad;—or any other Miscreant out of a prison.

36. (S.)

Talking with a man of iron, who hears only himself; and who, after you have knocked all his arguments on the head, one after the other,

---

[1] "A fit of Laughter, mal-apropos, is one of the direst "Miseries of human life."

proceeds to haunt you with their *ghosts;* so that, destroying the substance only brings upon you the additional trouble of laying the shadow.

37. (T.)

Sitting on with a *sepulchral* party after supper, two or three hours beyond the time at which you had ordered your carriage, but with which your drunken coachman is unable to come; so that you, at last, walk home five or six miles in the rain.

38. (S.)

In a large formal company, the necessity of communicating something which you are extremely desirous of keeping secret from the rest of the party, to a person so very deaf that nothing under a roar will find its way to him.—Or, the dead silence which sometimes takes place in company, while you are availing yourself of the general noise of voices, to enter upon confidential subjects with your next neighbour.

Tes. I can beat both your instances:—

39. (T.)

Being compelled by a deaf person, in a large, and silent company, to repeat some very washy

remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

40. (S.)

The sensation of disgust, accompanied by a peculiar giddy faintness, not to be described, and perhaps fully felt only by myself, which affects one at certain speeches, certain manners, certain modes of pronunciation, and certain samples of folly, in certain persons.

41. (S.)

Grating the sensibility, the prepossessions, the self-love, the vanity, &c. of the person to whom you are speaking, by some unguarded words, which, as soon as you have uttered them, you would die to *eat;*—then, floundering and plunging, deeper, and deeper, in your wild and confused attempts to recover yourself.

42. (S.)

Going from house to house, for the purpose of soliciting contributions for a case of distress; and, with all your oratory, extorting nothing more substantial than half-muttered good wishes for the success of your charitable endeavours—though the good folks are "sorry they make a rule never to give to any whom they do not know," &c.

43. (S.)

After dinner—when the charming women with whom you were sitting have withdrawn, being left exposed to a long tete-a-tete with a *Torpedo ;*—a fellow who will neither pump nor flow.

44. (S.)

Being applied to, time after time, by certain easy folks with short memories, for the loan of small sums, for the avowed purpose of making purchases which you painfully refuse to *yourself*, out of economy ; or for the still more provoking purpose of making presents to their friends.

45. (S.)

After having said what you conceive to be a good thing, but which you fear that none of the company heard, finding yourself reduced to the horrible alternative of losing the credit of your wit, or of repeating your bon-mot, with the risk of its having been before heard, and disapproved ; and, in *this* case, with the certainty of being thought both a fool and a coxcomb.

46. (S.)

When in a nervous and irritable mood—sitting with one who has an unceasing trick of swinging

himself in his chair like a pendulum—working his foot up and down like a life-grinder—beating with his nails or knuckles like a drummer, &c. &c.—you being not sufficiently intimate with your tormentor to break in upon his occupations.

47. (S.)

After loudly boasting of your superior skill in stirring the fire, and being requested by the lady of the house to undertake it,—suddenly extinguishing every spark, in playing off what you had announced as a chef-d'œuvre of the poker.

48. (S.)

Making your best bow for a supposed high compliment to yourself, which, however, you are presently petrified by discovering was either not intended at all, or intended for another.

49. (S.)

Compelling yourself to take gulp after gulp of the ipecacuanha of flattery, (known to be purely self-interested,) out of regard to the feelings of some worthy friend or relation of the parasite, and whose presence restrains you from sp-tt-ng in his face.

50. (S.)

Being crowed over in an argument by one whom

politeness prevents you from telling that you do not answer him, merely because, from the thickness of his utterance, as well as of his head, you do not know what he says, or means.

51. (S.)

Being baited on all sides with intreaties to sing, when, either by nature or accident, you have no voice.

Tes. To which pray add,

52. (T.)

Your feelings during, and immediately after, the performance of *another*, who eminently possesses every *dis*qualification for a singer.

53. (S.)

After a long pause in conversation with a reserved person, to whom you are almost a stranger, re-addressing him at the same instant when he is re-addressing you :—a polite and dead stop on both sides : — then, after a reasonable time mutually given and taken for resuming the stifled speech, without effect—both chancing, at the same point of time, to venture again — and both as suddenly,

again desisting :—till each is, at length, necessitated to take refuge in silent confusion.

54. (T.)

To be seized with morbid and irresistible sleepiness, while in conversation with persons who have every title to your respect or veneration, and before whom

Ne " fas est obrepere somnum." *Hor.*

55. (S.)

Hearing bad grammar, bad emphasis, &c. from persons who ought to know much better—without the liberty of interfering.

Tes. Yes, though you are longing to cry out

" malè nominatis
" Parcite verbis." *Hor.*

56. (S.)

The comfort of being kept half an hour without your hat in a drizzling rain, while attending a *button-holder* to your gate.

57. (T.)

On an afternoon-visit in the country—receiving

a summons to attend a few *Cats*, (who think themselves *Kittens*,) in their evening promenade; while the enchanting girl who formed your sole attraction to the house, is confined at home by a slight indisposition, which would have only rendered her additionally interesting.

58. (S.)

Being drawn into an inflammatory dispute, while labouring under a no less inflammatory sore throat.

59. (S.)

On going to settle in a strange neighbourhood, far away from one in which you had a delightful society, *performing Quarantine* in your own house for six months at least, while the good people around you are debating, at a cautious distance, whether you may, yet, be safely approached, to be stared at upon trial.

Tes. Yes—and even should that point be, at length, settled in your favour, you are still condemned to be *fumigated* a few weeks longer, while it is hotly disputed, *which* of the party shall be thrust foremost, (like a soldier on the forlorn hope,) upon the adventure.

60. (S.)

Drawing twelfth cake with a party who have too little fancy even to *attempt* to support their characters—or, if they do attempt it, to succeed; but who bespeak these, and other Christmas frolics—just as they had bespoken the plumb-cake which attaches to them—merely as a formality of the season.

61. (S.)

Being destined to live much with Automata—people who regulate all their thoughts, words, and actions, by the stop-watch—whom no entreaties can melt into a consent to rise before, or sit up after, a stated second—to bend to the most minute variation of the dinner-hour—to light a fire before old Michaelmas-day, or keep it in after Lady-ditto—to read, or hear read, more, or less, than a measured number of pages at a sitting—to stay over the farce after a play, &c. &c.

Testy.

"Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt."
Virg.[1]

---

[1] "Fix'd they remain, nor from their order part."

62. (S.)

A long evening's tete-a-tete, in a close room, with a man who pretends that he cannot go to bed without choking you—*i. e.* smoking his three or four pipes; yet from whom you cannot escape, (though abhorring the smell of tobacco,) as you have business to transact with him which will not bear an hour's delay :—

"Illa autem, neque enim fuga jam super ulla
pericli est,
Faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu!)
Evomit, involvitque domum caligine cœcâ,
Prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
Fumiferam noctem, commixtis igne tenebris."[1]

What, Sir—what, good Mr. Testy, is one to do with such a fellow?

Tes. What!—why go on to the end of the

---

[1] "But he—for now all hope of flight was gone—
Forth vomits from his jaws (prodigious tale)
Volumes of vapours, and clouds up the place
In blindest gloom, expunging from the sight
All prospect; and, at bottom of the pit,
Breathes night, in rolls of smoke—darkness with fire."

passage, and you will see;—do with him?—why do exactly as you will there find Hercules did with *his* smoking companion, to be sure:—

" Non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
Præcipito jecit saltu, quâ plurimus undam
Fumus agit, nebulâque ingens specus æstuat atrâ;
Hîc, Cacum, in tenebris incendia vana vomentem,
Corripit, in nodum complexus, et angit inhærens
Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur." *Virg.*[1]

That's what you are to do with him; and so, if you will lend me your pencil, I will write it down for you, since you seem to have forgotten it, to be ready against your next visit to the rascal.

Sen. Your remedy, though confessedly effectual, requires some consideration before I

---

[1] " Alcides brook'd no more; but all at once,
In headlong fury flings him through the flames,
There where the mist its waves pours thickest forth,
And the vast dungeon with black clouds boils round.
There, Cacus, 'mid th' obscure disgorging vain
Those monstrous flames, he seizes—girding him
Within his wreathed arms, and with fast hug
Strains out his eyes, and drains his throat of gore."

determine to apply it:—in the mean time, I proceed:—

63. (S.)

At a dinner-table—being placed at the bottom, while all the choicest and liveliest people are thrown to the top—*you* longing to be among them, and to join their flights of fancy, instead of grinding along, with your neighbours at the drowsy end of the table, in their broad-wheeled waggons, on the mile-stone road of matter-of-fact.

Tes. Not to be endured—any more than another situation not very unlike it—what say you?

64. (S.)

Falling among a junto of Lawyers, or Physicians, or Merchants, or Naval Captains, &c.—(all except yourself, of one profession)—who instantly and hotly begin to discuss the driest and most technical points relating to their causes, cases, speculations, battles, &c. (as the case may be) without granting you one merciful pause of hostilities during the whole evening: rascals!—but the *lawyers* are the worst, when they set about it, because they have the freest use of their tongues: I have more than

once, fallen into their clutches, and, as often, muttered between my teeth,—

"——— these are *Counsellors*,
That feelingly persuade me what I am!"

and that is, the most miserable dog alive, till I can get out of their company.

Sen. There are worse evils of this kind yet in store:—what purgatory can compare with that of

65. (T.)

Dining, and passing the whole evening, with a party of fox-hunters, after they have had what they call "glorious sport;" and, while you execrate the very name of a hound, being gorged with the *crambe recocta* of one fox-chase after another, till, like Miss Larolles, you "wish the country was under ground."

66. (S.)

At an important crisis of public affairs—after waiting in an agony for a newspaper, seeing it snatched up at its entrance by an addled fellow, who reads like a snail, and, if he gives any of it aloud, picks out the wrong article first, and bungles and garbles all the rest.

67. (S.)

Escorting two or three coaches full of country-cousins, on their first importation into London from the *Terra Incognita* of England, to the Lions, the Wax-work, the Monument, &c. &c.

68. (S.)

Hearing your favourite poem, play, &c. mammocked by the mouth of a forward Puppy, who, on a proposal that it should be read aloud by one of the company, briskly seizes upon the office,—an excellent reader being present, whose modesty withheld him from offering his services.

69. (S.)

While you are attentively listening to the information or opinions of a well stored man, being perpetually "pestered by a popinjay" at your elbow, who claws you away from your nourishment, and forces you to swallow his froth.

70. (S.)

At the tea or card-table—the intervals between the cups, or deals, eagerly filled by the *remarks* upon *character* which drop from the "skinny lips" of certain waning Vestals; who, moreover, manage their inuendos so adroitly, that you are obliged to

let them pass unstigmatized, (though your fairest and dearest female friends are among their victims,) for fear of sanctioning the malignity, by seeming to understand it.

71. (S.)

Falling in with a fellow who thinks he can entertain you by reciting in detail the dishes, courses, and cookery, of his favourite dinners for the last month—besides rehearsals of meals in prospect, as far as he is yet studied in the bills of fare;—in short, who requires you to hear him conjugate the verb *to dine*, in the first person singular, through all its moods and tenses.

72. (S.)

The sort of anxiety about all your motions, and purposes, which is shewn by certain persons, with whose insinuated interrogatories you have to fence for a whole evening together.

Tes. Fence!—what, when you have not a *cudgel*, I suppose; that's *my* weapon upon such occasions.

73. (S.)

Receiving the condolences of one, whose manner

and countenance confess, against his orders, that his heart is in a broad grin.

74. (S.)

Just as you have comfortably seated yourself with a party who have met by long appointment, and who are all the favourites of each other—hearing the servant announce a person who is the favourite abomination of the whole set, yet who evidently shews, at his entrance, that he has been plotting an agreeable surprise for you.

75. (S.)

At breakfast—hearing a good old lady detail, at full length, her last night's long dull dream, affording nothing more remarkable than the usual chaos of conclusions without premises, and that sort of topsy-turvy, tangled account of the flattest incidents of common life which we could all give every morning, if we did not make all possible haste to forget the nonsense, as soon as we have recovered our senses:—but this is not all; for as soon as she has, at length, brought her idiotic narrative to an end, and you begin to breathe again, your attention is once more laid in irons, whilst she buckles to the *interpretation* of it, in all its parts!

76. (S.)

A fellow who treats you in all respects (*the fee excepted*) like his physician;—unreservedly laying before you, while he is helping you at dinner, all the minutest particulars of his most revolting ailments, from the first attack down to the present moment;

"Morborum quoque te causas, et signa docebo."[1]
Virg.

Tes. What, Sensitive;—and do you sit quietly under this? and at table, too?—For my own part, I can't say I'm altogether so conformable;—no—as soon as ever I find these open-hearted Lazars beginning to enter into the marrow of their interesting confessions, I let them know my mind in a manner that pretty effectually secures me from this "*misery*," for the rest of that sitting:—

"Sunt verba, et voces, quibus *hunc* lenire *dolorem*
Possis, et magnam *morbi* deponere partem." *Hor.*

---

[1] ——————now will I rehearse
The birth, and symptoms of each sore disease.

Sen. Why, what can you say to them, I beseech you?

Tes. Say to them?—simply pretend to be a still more miserable object than themselves; and so, in *my* turn, I treat 'em with such a display of my local maladies, and then work up for 'em such lively and picturesque descriptions of the wonderful powers of my medicines, seasoned with such dainty illustrations of the smack they leave upon the palate in going down, that I make 'em lay down their knives and forks in a greater hurry than they took them up.

Sen. Why I must confess that, whatever other objections may lie against your mode of revenge, it has both safety and justice on its side:—But I have other woes to tell:

77. (S.)

Walking in a wind that cuts to the bone, with a narrative companion, whose mind and body cannot move at the same time; or, in other words, who, as he gets on with his stories, thinks it necessary, at every other sentence, to stand stock still, face about, and make you do the same; then, totally regardless of your shivering impatience to push on, refuses

to stir an inch, till the whole of his endless thread is fairly wound out :—

" Dixit, et adversi contra stetit ora"—

Tes. " *Juvenci;*"—pray dont leave out that word; for what a *calf* must you be to stand still for him! if you'd move on, depend on't he'd follow :—such a fellow, with all his love of a dead halt, would rather tell his stories at full speed, than let you escape them, take my word for it.

78. (S.)

After a long and animated debate with a friend, in the dark, and just as you have drawn forth all your strongest arguments, and are beginning exultingly to infer from his long silence, that you have completely worsted him, and that he has not another word to say—receiving his answer in a strong, steady snore, which shews him to have been in a sweet sleep for the last quarter of an hour.

79. (S.)

In a ball-room—after long sitting, in profound meditation, on the extreme edge of a form, with only one other person at the farther end, being

suddenly *recalled* from your *absence* by finding that you are amusing the company with an involuntary somerset, brought on by the abrupt departure of your Counterpoise;—the bench (which had remained perfectly gentle, as long as it carried double) seizing that opportunity of throwing its astonished rider, without further ceremony, by furiously rearing at one end, and plunging at the other.

80. (S.)

Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel.....

Tes. Hey-day!—

——" quæ mens tam dira, *miserrime conjux*,
Impulit his cingi telis? aut quò ruis?" inquam:
" Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget!"—— *Virg.*

Sen. Mr. Testy, I agree with you in your dislike of being interrupted:—I must begin again—

(S.)

Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel—which leaves you the choice of splitting on one of the six following rocks;—viz.

1. *That of remaining silent*—(for which both parties hate you; each supposing that you secretly favour the other.)
2. *That of pronouncing that both are in the wrong*—(for which you are, obviously, hated by both.)
3. *That of insinuating that both may be in the right*—(hated, again, on both sides; each being more enraged at your *contre*, than grateful for your *pour*.)
4. *That of defending the lady at the expense of the gentleman*—(still hated by both;—by her, for attacking her caro sposo, whom she will suffer no one to despise but herself;—by him, for siding with the enemy.)
5. *That of defending the gentleman at the expense of the lady*—(this case is, inversely, the same with the last.)
6. *That of endeavouring to make peace, by treating the matter* "en badinage"—(for which both are far too much in earnest, as well as far too eager for victory, not to hate you most of all.) —The best course, perhaps, if you cannot steal away, is to be taken with a sudden and violent fit of the tooth-ache, which may last ad libitum.

Tes. Your concluding Misery takes in two

parties, and should be divided between us; one moiety for you as a Bachelor, and the other for me as a Benedict.—Well, but what subject comes next? for I must hurry into the library, to meet a confounded fellow, who.....

Sen. Thank you for the hint, Sir; the *Library* itself shall find us a subject: let us try whether *literary* enjoyments ought to rank at all higher than any of the preceding. I must inform you that, during the intervals between my late delightful *visits*, I have generally fled for refuge to the book, or the pen; and if you have been at all in the practice of depending upon the same supports, and found them as miserably fallacious as I have, we shall have no difficulty in lengthening the list of our *Groans*, from this source.

Tes. None:—I never, yet, took up a book that I did not, in five minutes afterwards, fling to the other end of the room; nor a pen that I did not split up to the feather against the table, before I had written two lines with it.—*Books*, and *Pens*, then, by all means, for our next theme; I defy the good old dame who vented her spite against reading and writing, for having brought her son to the

gallows, to bear them more ill will than I do. —Tomorrow morning, then, I beg we may talk over our *studies,* together, in my library aforesaid.

Sen. Well proposed :—you may expect me.

DIALOGUE THE EIGHTH.

MISERIES OF READING AND WRITING.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive. (Testy's house at Highgate.)

Testy. [*Throwing the book which he had been reading into the fire, as he sees Sensitive enter.*]

GET you gone, and be burnt, for your pains! —Here, Sensitive, take a misery warm from the heart, while I am still suffering under it; —I will follow it with a cluster of others.

GROAN 1. (T.)

Reading over a passage in an author, for the hundredth time, without coming an inch nearer to the meaning of it at the last reading, than at the first;—then passing over it in despair, but without

being able to enjoy the rest of the book, from the painful consciousness of your own real or supposed stupidity.

2. (T.)

As you are reading drowsily by the fire, letting your book fall into the ashes, so as to lose your place, rumple and grime the leaves, and throw out your papers of reference; then, on rousing and re-collecting yourself, finding that you do not know a syllable of what you have been winking and blinking over for the last hour.

3. (T.)

In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

4. (T.)

Unfolding a very complicated map in a borrowed book of value, and, notwithstanding all your care, enlarging the small rent you originally made in it, every time you open it.

Sen. Apropos of maps:—

5. (S.)

Hunting on a cold scent, in a map for a place—in a book for a passage—in a variety of Dictionaries for a word:—clean thrown out at last.

6. (S.)

Reading a comedy aloud, "by particular desire," when you are half asleep, and quite stupid.

7 (T)

In attempting, at a strange house, to take down a large book from a high, crowded shelf, bringing half the library upon your nose.

8. (S.)

Mining through a subject, or science, "invitâ (or rather *exosâ*) Minerva,"—purely from the shame of ignorance.

9. (S.)

Receiving, "from the author," a book equally heavy in the literal, and the figurative sense; accompanied with intreaties that you would candidly set down in writing your detailed opinions of it in all its parts.

10. (S.)

Reading a borrowed book so terribly well-bound, that you are obliged to peep your way through it, for fear of breaking the stitches, or the leather, if you fairly open it; and which, consequently, shuts with a spring, if left a moment to itself.

11. (T.)

Yes :—or, after you have long been reading the said book close by the fire, (which is not quite so ceremonious as you are about *opening* it,) attempting in vain to *shut* it, the covers violently flapping back in a warped curve—in counteracting which, you crack the leather irreparably, in a dozen places.

12. (S.)

On taking a general survey of your disordered library for the purpose of re-arranging it,—finding a variety of broken sets, and odd volumes, of valuable works, which you had supposed to be complete ;—and then, after screwing up your brows upon it for an hour, finding yourself wholly unable to recollect to whom any one of the missing books has been lent, or even to guess what has become of them ; and, at the same time, without having the smallest hope of ever being able to replace them.—Likewise,

13. (S.)

Your pamphlets, and loose printed sheets daily getting a-head, and running mountain-high upon your shelves, before you have summoned courage to *tame* them, by sorting and sending them to the binder.

14. (S.)

As an author—those moments during which you are relieved from the fatigues of composition by finding that your memory, your intellects, your imagination, your spirits, and even the love of your subject, have all, as if with one consent, left you in the lurch.

15. (T.)

In coming to that paragraph of a news-paper, for the sake of which you have bought it, finding, in *that only* spot, the paper blurred, or left white, by the press; or slapped over with the sprawling red stamp.

16. (S.)

Reading news-paper poetry;—which, by a sort of fatality which you can neither explain nor resist, you occasionally slave through, in the midst of the utmost repugnance and disgust.

17. (S.)

As you are eagerly taking up a newspaper, being yawningly told by one who has just laid it down, that "there is nothing in it."—Or, the said Paper sent for by the lender, at the moment when you are beginning to read it.

18. (S.)

Having your ears invaded all the morning long, close at your study window, by the quack of ducks, and the cackle of hens, with an occasional bass-accompaniment by an ass.

Tes. So much for the joys of *Reading*:—now for those of *Writing*; most of which, by the bye, I experienced in minuting down the very items I am going to read to you:—

19. (T.)

Writing a long letter, with a very hard pen, on very thin, and very greasy paper, with very pale ink, to one whom you wish—I need'nt say where.

Sen. Stay; I have another *reading* distress, of which I am reminded by seeing Mrs. Testy at her novel:—when I have finished it, I will give up the writing miseries to *you*; for you seem to have prepared yourself under that article, and I have not.

20. (S.)

On arriving at that part of the last volume of an

enchanting novel, in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch,—suddenly finding the remaining leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

Tes. So much the better—*novels,* indeed! —besides, as the leaves of a novel are good for nothing that I can see but to set the reader a whimpering, why, the *loss* of them would answer the end just as well: for there you have a "*hiatus* valdè *deflendus.*"—And so now, with your leave, I will go back to my *Writing.*

21. (T.)

Burning your fingers with an inch of sealing wax; and then dropping awry the guinea to which you are reduced by the want of a seal.

22. (T.)

In writing:—neither sand, blotting paper, nor a fire, to dry your paper; so that, though in violent haste, you sit with your hands before you, at the end of every other page, till the ink thinks proper to dry of itself:—or toiling your wrist, for ten minutes together, with a sand-glass that throws out two or three damp grains at a time; and, in consequence of such delay,—(but this calamity deserves a separate commemoration)—

23. (T.)

Losing the post;—and this, when you would as willingly lose your life.

24. (T.)

Emptying the ink-glass, (by mistake for the sand-glass,) on a paper which you have just written out fairly—and then widening the mischief, by applying *restive* blotting paper.

25. (T.)

Putting a wafer, of the size of a half-crown piece, into a letter with so narrow a fold, that one half of the circle stands out in sight, and is presently smeared over the paper by your fingers, in stamping the concealed half.

26. (T.)

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply folded.

Mrs. Tes. Nay, Mr. Testy, with such an up-and-down hand as yours is, you ought, I think, to be glad of an opportunity of writing, here and there, one straight line.

27. (T.)

In sealing a letter—the wax in so very melting a mood, as frequently to leave a *burning kiss* on your own hand, instead of the paper:—next, when you have applied the seal, and all, at last, seems well over,—said wax voluntarily "rendering up its trust," the moment after it has undertaken it. —So much for "*Fyn sigellak; well brand, en vast houd!*"

28. (T.)

Writing at the top of a very long sheet of paper; so that you either rumple and crease the lower end of it with your arm against the table, in bringing it lower down, or bruise your chest, and drive out all your breath, in stretching forward to the upper end.

It gets so dark that I can hardly puzzle out my memorandums:—O! that reminds me, by the way, of another morsel of *reading* misery which came upon me yesterday evening, viz.

29. (T.)

Straining your eyes over a book in the twilight, at the rate of about five minutes per line, before it

occurs to you to order candles; and when they arrive, finding that you have totally lost the sense of what you have been reading, by the tardy operation of getting at it piece-meal.

30. (T.)

Attempting to erase writing—but, in fact, only scratching holes in the paper.

31. (T.)

Snatching up an inkstand (overweighted on one side) by its handle, which you suppose to be fixed, but which proves—to swing!

32. (T.)

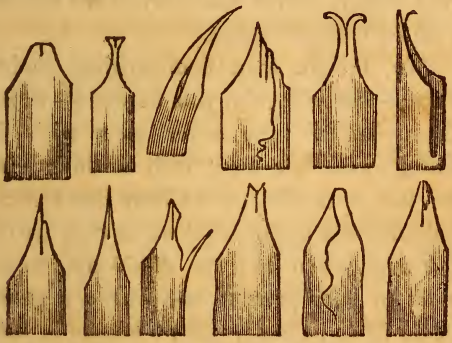
Writing at the same ricketty table with another, who employs his shoulder, elbow, and body, still more actively than his fingers.

33. (T.)

Writing, on the coldest day in the year, in the coldest room in the house, by a fire which has sworn not to burn; and so, perpetually dropping your full pen upon your paper, out of the five icicles with which you vainly endeavour to hold it.

34. (T.)

Looking for a good pen, (which it is your perverse destiny never to find, except when you are indifferent about it,) and having a free choice among the following varieties. [N. B. No penknife.]



35. (T.)

Writing with ink of about the consistency of pitch, which leaves alternately a blot and a blank.

36. (T.)

Writing a long letter with one or more of the cut fingers of your right hand bundled up—or else (for more comfort) with your left hand!

See! (*shewing his fingers wrapped up*) you might as well stick a pen in a bear's paw, and bid him write:—I have had three letters this morning returned as illegible; and if you will look at what I have just stumped out upon that paper, you'll find they have not complained without reason.

Sen. I have seen finer writing, undoubtedly;—but what do you expect?—it is our fate:—*other* men never meet with these things, while *we* meet with nothing else.—So, too, in reading, as we have just seen; *our* volumes will neither shut when they are open, nor open when they are shut—and, to come back to your present accident, *our* pens are never fit to be used, except when our fingers are not fit to use them;—*so* it is!

Tes. Yes, yes—it is the way of things—so things go—*Things;*—it has come to be a bye-word with me, to express, by a sort of short-hand language, the cross-grained twist which takes every plan and action of my life:—"Aye, that's so like *things*," I cry.—But I must leave you in a hurry:—can you dine with me to-day?—or rather, can you take your chance whether there is any thing fit to be touched?

Sen. No;—but I will do what you have unconsciously suggested, by your last words; I will meet you on your earliest leisure day, for the purpose of enlarging upon your idea of a *bad dinner;* when, I doubt not, we shall be able to prove, to each other's satisfaction, that those are happiest who have no appetites, and consequently eat least. *Who* it is that "sends cooks," the proverb has long saved us the trouble of guessing;—and to give *them* their "*due,*" as well as their Sender, most faithful missionaries they are!

Tes. Cooks!—don't name them, Sensitive! —for my part, I live now chiefly upon *milk,* which I am not over fond of, merely that I may have my mess dressed by the pure hand of Nature—for as to Milton's "*neat handed* Phyllis," she has never yet happened to offer herself to my service.—Yes, I'll talk over the kitchen with you, as soon as you please, and very eloquent I can be upon it, believe me. I only hope none of the tribe may come athwart me while I am warm with my subject; for it would not have a pretty look to be hanged for strangling a scullion, you know!

Sen. You would *escape,* Sir;—no Judge or

Jury but would recommend you to mercy; and no king but would extend it:—Yet, on second thoughts, with your leave, we will not defile our tongues with descriptions of foul cookery—an evil so universally felt and understood, that even the adversaries, in our great *Cause*, will not require us to produce the proofs;—let us rather confine ourselves to certain other distresses of the table, which, if less nauseating, are, yet, infinitely more acute, as well as more appropriate to polite sufferers.

Tes. What, are you laying your trains for monopolizing the subject, I perceive;—but you will find that in no part of the chapter of *Table-torments* shall *I* be out of my depth; I'll meet you, then, on your own terms; only let me know *when*, in proper time.

DIALOGUE THE NINTH.

MISERIES OF THE TABLE, &c.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive. (Testy's House.)

Testy.

HEY-DAY! friend Sensitive—what, in the name of nastiness, has now come

"Between the wind and your nobility?"

why, you have not a feature in its proper place?—have you just been passing by a pig-stye?—or what has come across you?

Sen. A pig-stye!—O, would that were all!—No! I have just—not passed by, but actually entered into, and at length, thank

my stars, escaped alive out of,—a *man*-stye —a *chop-house*, Mr. Testy, a *chop-house!*— Every poor gentleman, I believe, has done the same, once in his life, out of economy; and so, made himself sick for the rest of his days: — O the "beggarly unwholesome knaves!"— and, if possible, still more unwholesome provender;—take the description, reeking from the reality, while I am able to attempt it:—first, though, give me, for pity, a glass of cherry-brandy, to settle my imagination, as well as my stomach. *(Testy rings the bell violently, and, at the next instant, begins swearing at the delay of the servant.—Sensitive, after swallowing the cordial, delivers)*

GROAN 1. (S.)

On my entrance, Sir, I beheld three or four silent, wan, scattered wretches, who, from their several corners, were whispering their mean orders, or settling their shabby accounts, with the waiter;—as, "bring me half a gill of wine"—"another quarter of a pint of *your* table-beer," &c. &c. Then, for my *accommodations*—coarse, grimed, slopped, scanty able cloth, from which the last man's draff and offal was briskly, but not effectually, whisked away, to

make me comfortable!—knife and fork slubbered through the general knife-cloth, leaving the split handles gritty and greasy; and, on the knife, the maker's name, and the joining (or rather *dis*-joining) part clogged up with brick dust. I next had to beguile my waiting-time of three quarters of an hour, with the well-buttered, beered, and thumbed weekly (if not *monthly*) Chronicle, which I found sprawling over the bottomless cruets, dry mustard-pot, party-coloured salt, smeared spoons, &c.—At last, up came my black, raw, tough, chop, (as I had no fancy for a 19th slice, hacked from the once-hot joint,) and one or two watery, broken potatoes, with the skins on, or rather falling off, together with the oily water prepared for them in a cracked butter-boat.—(All this time, observe, my motions were gloomily surveyed by one or two Abjects, (seated in the *same* box with me) who had been already fed and drenched, but who, for no reason, sat still a long time, muzzing, and leaning on their folding arms, till, at length, they sneaked out.)—Then came the dry rank remains of some non-descript cheese; and at last,—as I could not swallow new sloe-water, because they called it port,—my pint of stale, frothless porter, in a yellow, scorched mug, without a handle—all concluded by the grim waiter, with his *verbal* bill, thus audibly delivered, in a tone

of glib slang, for the edification of the rest of the kennel—"Dinners 8*d.*—penny bread, penny 'taters, five fard'ns beer, fard'n cheese—in all 11½*d.*"—the mechanical memory of each man's account being evidently the only faculty resident in his black, bull's head.—To consummate my sorrows,—just as I was going out of the house, after my poison, to drown myself, my eye was caught by some of the most elegant women of my acquaintance, smiling by in a barouche!—My last-mentioned purpose I resolved to defer, till I had imparted to you the circumstances that inspired it.

Tes. Come, come, defer it a little longer still—at least till you have taken another glass of the cordial. I am nearly as far gone myself, at the bare description, and so I shall beg leave to pledge you.—Come, cheer up!—and force yourself to forget it, by searching your common-place book for some calamity a little less loathsome.—Here—read me No. 1, which your late adventure, you know, has turned into No. 2, by unexpectedly taking the lead.

Sen (*looking at his paper*) Ah!—if torture can overcome qualmishness, this may well succeed, truly!—I will leave you to judge.

2. (S.)

A dinner of roast-meat indefatigably prophesied in your ear the whole morning long, by the piteous moans of a jack; at the same time that the fluctuations of a stormy day are no less faithfully reported to you by a neighbouring Sign, swinging and squeaking by fits, in the wind—illness closely confining you to the house, and thereby securing your attention, during the whole performance of this diabolical duetto.

Tes. As to the "swinging sign," Virgil seems to have drawn the same use from it that you have:

——— "ventos
——— ut certis possimus discere *signis*."

3. (T.)

After having been very hungry all the morning, finding, as you sit down to an excellent dinner, that your appetite has secretly decamped.—Or,

4. (T.)

On entering the dining-room, half-famished, with the fullest expectations of seeing the dinner on the table—not even the cloth laid.

5. (S.)

Sitting down, with a keen appetite, to a beef-steak, (and nothing else,) which proves to be completely *charked* by over-dressing.

Tes. Confound 'em!—none of them ever attend to Macbeth's receipt for dressing a beef-steak, though by much the best that ever was given.

Sen. How!

Tes. Why,

——————"when 'tis *done*, 'twere well
If 'twere *done quickly*."

6. (T.)

In a college-hall—sitting at dinner on a bench nailed to the floor, and this at such a distance from the table, (nailed down also,) that you feed in the position of a Rower, just beginning his stroke.

7. (S.)

Slicing at a large round of beef, (near which your Evil Genius has seated you) with a very short-bladed knife, so as inevitably to grease its handle, your fingers, and the cuff of your coat;—the

company, as if in a plot to drive you out of your senses, scarcely tasting of any thing else.

Ned Tes. O, a long knife for a large joint, by all means; both for nicety's sake, and because

" Fortiter et melius *magnas* plerumque SECAT *res.*"

8. (S.)

After forwardly offering your services in cutting up a goose, or a hare—being obliged to make a practical confession, before twenty watchful witnesses, that you have no genius for carving.

9. (T.)

Diving at a bone with a marrow-spoon so large that it sticks at the middle of the bowl;—then, on trying, in despair, with a *fork*, bringing up two or three globules of yellow fat.—

This constantly happens to *us*, Mrs. Testy, as you very well know—however you manage it.

Ned Tes. (with a start)

Avaunt!—" thy bones are marrowless!" *Macb.*

10. (S.)

Attempting to cut and help out cauliflower, or asparagus, with a *spoon*:—the fate of the cargo, (which you had neglected to *insure*,) is well known:—ditto as to *jelly*, which instantly bids adieu to the spoon, and quivers like quicksilver about the cloth.

11. (S.)

The spinning plate:—there is but one, and you always have it.

12. (T.)

Missing the way to your mouth, and drowning your breast in a bath of beer.

13. (T.)

The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat, by mistake for turnip.

14. (S.)

Finding an human hair in your mouth, which, as you slowly draw it forth, seems to lengthen ad infinitum.

15. (S.)

A strong tang of tallow, or onion, in your bread

and butter, at a house where decorum forbids you either to splutter or sputter.

Tes. Nay, nay—if a man may'nt "quarrel with his bread and butter" in this case, I don't know when he may!—For my own part, whenever *mine* is flavoured in this way, I don't stop to think what house I'm in, I can tell you.

16. (S.)

Long after you have finished your own temperate meal, seeing the sixth or eighth plate of turtle, venison, &c. conveyed into a *living Larder* immediately opposite to you.

17. (S.)

Grinding on upon tough sinewy meat with *suppo-ititious* teeth.

18. (T.)

A stone lurking in your crust, which you crush with such violence as to drive out a tooth and an oath at the same time.

19. (T.)

Labouring at a piece of meat (*brawn* in particular) with a carving-knife so blunt, that it does

not penetrate above a hair's breadth in a dozen see-saws, and keeps slipping from its hold, leaving you no chance of getting a slice less than an inch thick —and this is presently returned for a thinner one, which, if you are able to cut at all, you cut only by *dividends*.

20. (S.)

Inviting a friend, (whom you know to be particularly fond of the dish,) to partake of a fine hare, haunch, &c. which you have endeavoured to keep exactly to the critical moment, but which is no sooner brought in, than the whole party, *with one nose*, order it to be taken out.

21. (S.)

Biting a piece of your cheek almost out, and then perpetually catching it between your teeth, during the remainder of your meal, and for a fortnight afterwards.

22. (S.)

At dinner, in the dog-days—seeing several copies of the grain of the footman's thumb printed off in a hot mist upon the rim of your plate.

23. (T.)

After having completely dined upon one or two things which you are not at all fond of,—seeing

your favourite dish, which had not been announced, brought in excellently dressed.

24. (S.)

Slipping your knife suddenly and violently from off a bone—its edge first shrieking across the plate, (so as to make you hated by yourself, and the whole company) and then driving the plate before it, and lodging all its contents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables, &c. &c.—partly on your own breeches, partly on the cloth, partly on the floor, but *principally* on the lap of a charming girl who sits by you, and to whom you have been diligently endeavouring to recommend yourself.

25. (S.)

At a formal dinner—the awful resting-time which occasionally intervenes between the courses:

Ned Tes.

"Inde alios ineunt *cursus*, aliosque *re*-cursus,—
Adversis spatiis!" *Virg.*

26. (S.)

After you have long been fingering and peeling fresh walnuts, looking about in vain for some of the skins, (all swept away) for the purpose of rubbing off the stains;—nails unusually long.

27. (S.)

Dropping in upon a friend at the dinner hour, upon the strength of his *general* invitation,—and at once discovering, from the countenance and manner of his Lady, that you'd better have waited for a *particular* one.

28. (T.)

A fish-bone, or other substance, stuck between your two hindmost teeth; then, in your endeavours to remove it with a tooth-pick, only wedging it tighter than ever.

29. (T.)

In decanting wine—receiving a hint that it is time to stop, from the liquor, as it suddenly gurgles down the sides of the full decanter over your hands, and the floor.—N. B. The like effects of the like want of caution in the still more terrible instance of filling an ink-glass.

30. (S.)

Triumphantly producing from your cellar the last remaining bottle of some choice old wine, previously announced to your friends as the boast of the binn—but which, when decanted, shews an aspect so desperately cloudy, that no exposure to the fire can prevail upon it to brighten up.

31. (T.)

On receiving and opening several hampers of precious wine, just arrived from a great distance, —finding that the bottles have almost all bled to death, in consequence of quarrelling and fighting by the way.

32. (S.)

The yerk, or throe, in the throat, that follows your last bumper of port, when you have already exceeded your quantum.

Tes. So much for the comfort of sitting down to *dinner!*—But there are *other* meals, you know:—so now,

"To *breakfast*, with what appetite, we may."

The less the better, indeed, on the following occasion,—with which I will begin:—

33. (T.)

On coming down late to a hasty breakfast,—finding the last drop of water in your kettle boiling away, the toast in the ashes, and the cat just finishing your cream.

34. (S.)

Making the hopeless circuit of the *English Teas*, —sage, balm, rosemary, &c. &c.— when *the Doctor* has laid his paw upon your tea-chest; till you are at last left completely bankrupt in breakfast.—

As for myself, between the mischief to my nerves, if I do drink tea, and to my comfort if I do not.....

Ned Tes. You may cry with Martial,

" Nec TEA-*cum* possum vivere, nec *sine* TEA."

35. (S.)

After having dealt carelessly with honey at breakfast; to be hurried away, without a moment allowed for washing your hands; or,—(since that cannot possibly be granted you,)—for chopping them off.

Ned Tes.

" Plus aloës quam mellis habet." *Juv.*

36. (T.)

In the depth of winter—trying in vain to effect an union between unsoftened butter, and the crum of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Sen. Yes — I have often wondered that neither the Inquisitors, nor the American Savages, when they have been *out* of tortures, have yet hit upon either of these.

37. (T.)

Letting fall (of course on the *buttered* side,) the piece of roll, or muffin, on which you had set your heart.

Ned Tes. Cruel dirt!—

"*hæret lateri*—lethalis! *Virg.*

38. (S.)

As you sit at breakfast—suddenly breaking down the back of your chair, and, in a *failing* attempt to save yourself in your fall, kicking up the table—with the *comfort*, however, of preserving the tea-urn, cups, plates, &c. &c. all of which you deliver safe into the lap of the lady of the house, who sits opposite!

39. (S.)

Being roused from a reverie at breakfast, by hastily swallowing a dose of very strong tea, in which both the cream and the sugar have been orgotten.

40. (T.)

Trying often to *harpoon* a floating pat of butter, which, *as* often, slips aside, or ducks and shirks under your knife:—no effect but that of splashing up the water against your hand:—

———" dum te fugeret per flumina, præceps.....
" Excidet—aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit."
Virg.

41. (T.)

A tea-pot which *won't* pour except through the *top*—what you intend for your cup trickling down your fingers, into your sleeve, and over the cloth.

42. (T.)

As you are shaking a muffineer, (ditto a pepper-castor at dinner,) the cover springing off,—the whole contents instantly following the lively example.

Ned Tes.

———" agmine facto,
Quâ data porta ruunt." *Virg.*

43. (T.)

Weak, bad, cold, cloudy coffee, with poor milk—and but little of that.—Likewise, tea made with smoke, as well as water.

44. (T.)

Venturing upon a small egg with a large spoon, and so feeding your chin, your neckcloth, your fingers, and the cloth ; every thing, in short—but your mouth !

Ned Tes. This is " ab *ovo* usque ad *mala*," with a vengeance !—

Sen. But we have had enough of breakfasting ;—there remains only one meal more ; and we have too often " *supp'd* full with horrors," to doubt that we shall find a few more Miseries of the maw in that quarter ; e. g.—

45. (S.)

Suddenly discovering by the palate, instead of the nose, that you have let in a bad oyster !

Tes. Well !—thank my Stars for having fitted me on a nose that is never taken with quite such an absent fit as that comes to !—you have a pretty broad hint of your danger, indeed, from the enemy himself :—

Ned Tes. ———" talis sese halitus *atris Faucibus* effundens, supera ad convexa ferebat. ———sævamque exhalat *opaca* Mephitim." *Virg.*

Sen. Well quoted, Mr. Edward.—Come, Sir, (*aside to old Testy,*) we ought, now and then, to drop in a word of encouragement to our young friend, and his "parallels."—Burke, in his celebrated treatise, has very properly stated *a stink* to be among the sources of the sublime; and, accordingly, who can read the above passages, which you have happily brought together, and in which Virgil has so accurately described both the sight and smell of a bad oyster, without almost imagining that the poet, before he composed them, must have placed one of the worst that he could get, under his own eye and nose, just by way of a bait for inspiration?

46. (S.)

In eating lobster—getting *the Lady*, or half a dozen of the *dead man's fingers*, into your mouth, before you are aware.

47. (T.)

Dabbling and scalding your fingers through all the stages of an artichoke, in the vain hope that the next snatch, or nibble, will pay you better than the last.

48. (S.)

The repeated slips of a blunt oyster-knife against the palm of your left hand, as you are dislocating your right shoulder with labouring in vain at the wide end of the shell.

Tes. Very provoking, certainly — were it not that some of your oysters very kindly make you amends for the stubbornness of others, by opening of themselves!—But, if you are fond of oysters, I'll give you enough of them :—

49. (T.)

Supping upon roasted oysters—with the snatching, and burning, and hissing, and griming, and cluttering, that go with it—leaving you no comfort but in thinking of the moment, when all will be swept away, and the water glasses brought round.

Sen. The following I forgot to introduce, among the delights of a *dinner*.

50. (S.)

The *purgatorial* interval *after* you have all dined,

and *before* the servants have taken every thing (particularly *themselves*) away, and finally shut the door.

Ned Tes. "Mixtis servitiis, et dissono clamore." (*Tac.*)

Sen. Such are the three celebrated meals of man!—Here, then, we will wind up the "Miseries of eating and drinking"—unless a few other promiscuous griefs of the palate, not reducible to the above heads, should occur to either of us:—yes —

51. (S.)

The infatuation of mumping your way through a large and very sour apple, though you are soon reduced to your fore-teeth (*grinders* hors de combat at the first craunch,) and would give your life that it were all well over.

Tes. Why, this is Fluellen and Pistol all in one!—*Fluel.* "Pite, pite, I pray you!"—*Pist.* "Must I bite?"—*Fluel.* "Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of questions, too, and ambiguities."—*Pist.* "I eat, and eat, and swear!"

52. (S.)

Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out, with black bitter dust.

Tes. This is "worse than worst!"—more than even the demons themselves are able to bear:—

——————"they, instead of *fruit*,
Chew'd *bitter ashes*, which th' offended taste
With spatt'ring noise rejected." *Milt.*

53. (T.)

When parched with thirst, opening your last bottle of spruce beer, and finding it so very *good*, that it first washes your face and hands, and then your walls and furniture, with the whole of its contents.

Sen. Nay, the *contrary* is quite as bad, viz.

54. (S.)

At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back, from the eagerly expected burst of froth—but without the least occasion either for your hopes, or fears—the liquor all remaining in the bottle, as quiet as a lamb.

55. (T.)

In preparing mulled wine for yourself and friends —after it has remained the proper time upon the fire, and just as you are taking it off, and all are rousing for the regale—seeing an *avalanche* of soot plump into the pot!

56. (S.)

While you are swallowing a raspberry, discovering by its taste, that you have been so unhappy as to occasion the death of a harmless insect!

57. (T.)

Your tongue coming in contact with the skin of a peach.

Sen. Yes, or even the mind coming in contact with the idea!

58. (T.)

Your sensations about the throat and chest, after having too hastily forced down a piece of very hard dry biscuit—just as if you were swallowing a nutmeg-grater three or four yards long.

Tes. "The *pleasures* of the table!"—yes—a sly ironical rogue was he that first hit upon

that expression. — I fancy my dog Rover, there, if we could understand him, would give us a much better account of the pleasures *under* the table: — for there he gnaws his bone in comfort, without asking any questions about the cookery—and what is best of all, he is not considered as one of the company.

Sen. No; and besides, *he* modestly keeps his hunger in the back ground; while *men* cannot obey this coarse necessity, without assembling from all quarters, to see each other first go through the vile operation, and then rince and scour away its effects—nay, without telling the rest of the county, by sound of bell, what a delicate scene is going on in the dining-room!

Tes. Aye—this is one of the blessings of having what they call "a good house over one's head!"

Sen. Yes;—*one*, as you say;—but it is only one out of a million: there are *other* rooms in a house besides the dining-room, you know —and this leads me to propose these as the next subject of our animadversions, under the general title of "Miseries Domestic."

Tes. A better there cannot be, and I will

again undertake to play my part to admiration—whatever Madam Testy, in the corner, yonder, may think of the matter. You can't propose a meeting upon it too early for me—tomorrow, if you please.

Sen. It must be not only tomorrow, but "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow," if we mean to exhaust it;—as there is so much to be said, then, we cannot begin too soon, as you say; and especially, as the sorrows we have in view may be said to come so very home to us, and, (in the mercantile language) are so constantly "in the course of arrival," that we require no preparation, as on most former occasions.

Tes. Breakfast, and pass the day with me tomorrow:—if we begin *then*, we shall have some chance of coming to a conclusion by bed time.

Sen. I will attend you; and, short as the notice is, I'll engage that the list will be lengthened, on both sides, by many a *Groan* that will escape us in the interval.

Tes. Ten o'clock precisely, mind,—or I sit down without you.

DIALOGUE THE TENTH.

MISERIES DOMESTIC; INCLUDING THE DRESSING-ROOM, AND BED-CHAMBER.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive. (Testy's House.)

Testy.

Sit down, Sensitive; sit down.—I wish you may be able to make out any thing like a meal; we should have had a rare opportunity for *remarks*, here, if we had not lately taken such good care of the breakfast-table in that way.—As it is, make yourself as little of a wretch as you can.—You would have had neither tea nor sugar, I can tell you, if I had not kicked open the tea-chest, a minute before you came in; for Mrs. Testy, as usual with

her when she gads, has gadded off with every key in the house.—Come, begin, begin!—I have ordered as few things as possible for your breakfast, that you may have a negative chance of comfort, at least. I have taken care that there should be no *coffee* for you;—for there is not a jade, or a scoundrel in my kitchen, that I could ever yet get to wait for the third bubble; nor any *cocoa*, neither,—for I would not poison you with a *thousand* bubbles, which they *do* wait for;—and as for *cold meat*, and such things, I should be sorry to give my friend the orts of the cat, who they always contrive should be first served, by carefully leaving open the pantry door:—I'll order up some *butter*, if you desire it—you'll only excuse me from tasting it when it comes, that's all!

Sen. You are very attentive indeed, my good sir;—and I will make the best of what remains, after you have so kindly impoverished the table for my benefit.

Tes. Well, but—there is no time to be lost, you know—we have only one whole day before us, into which we have to cram the crosses of our whole domestic lives past:—

besides, I am so fearful of forgetting a *groan* extorted from me, two hours ago, by one of my female "*caterpillars,*" (as a friend of mine ought to be worshipped for having nick-named *servants,*) that I must have it out at once:

GROAN 1. (T.)

Getting up early in a cold, gloomy morning' (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it.)—Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, I say,—and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber, in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails, in another—and a dingy Drab on her knees, before an empty grate.

There's a set of jewels for our cabinet of "Miseries!"—all of the first water, and in the rightest order for our use!—

Sen. I had myself intended to open with another of the same species—but you have struck me dumb.

Tes. Pho, pho!—let's have it: when a diamond does not come in the way, we must put up with a pearl.

Sen. Well, then—if you won't despise me,

2. (S.)

Having to pass the maid as she is scouring the stairs;—to which I intended to add—seeing, hearing, or guessing, any thing at all of the matter, when washing or drying are going on in the house:—or, what is worse still, having to duck, and flap your way through lines, or rather lanes, of clammy clothes, just hung out to dry.

3. (T.)

On coming into the room, frost-bitten,—attempting to stir a very compact fire with a red hot poker, which, from being worn to a thread towards the bottom, bends double at the slightest touch, without discomposing a coal.

Sen. Yes: or, on the other hand,

4. (S.)

Raising them *too much*, when the grate is overcharged; and so, notwithstanding all your caution,

disposing the live coals over the carpet, and among the petticoats of the ladies.

5. (S.)

Feeling your arm and elbow cold—and, on looking farther into the matter, perceiving that you have long been leaning in slop, which has dabbled you to the skin.

6. (T.)

Squatting plump on an unsuspected cat in your chair.

7. (T.)

At going to bed—after having toiled, scorched, and melted yourself, in raking out a large and obstinate fire, which, at last, you seem to have effected —seeing it, as you turn round at the door, burning and roaring up far more fiercely than ever.

Sen. Aye, and this, *two* fires, instead of one.

8. (T.)

In attempting to throw up cinders, oversetting and scattering them far and wide, by dashing the edge of the shovel, as if with a violent determination, against the upper bar of the grate.

9. (T.)

Fumbling in vain at a rusty refractory door-lock, of which the hasp flies backward, and there sticks, —so that you are at last obliged to leave the door flapping and whining on its unoiled hinge, and fanning you into an ague—your own fury furnishing the *fever*.

10. (T.)

Sitting for hours before a smoky chimney, like a Hottentot in a craal;—then, just as your sufferings seem, at last, to be at an end — puff, puff!—whiff, whiff!—again, far more furiously than ever.

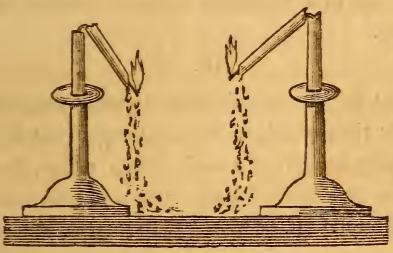
11. (T.)

Waking, stiff and frozen, from a long sleep in your chair, by the fire-side; then crouching closer and closer over the miserable embers, for want of courage to go up to bed; and so, keeping in the *cold* to be *warm!*—when you go at last, your candle stinks out in the passage, and you are left to grope your way, blundering, and breaking your shins at every step, against the bannisters;—every stair, too, creaking and groaning under your weight, though you tread as tenderly as possible, for fear of waking the house, consisting chiefly of invalids,

whom you feel that you are rousing, one after another, from their dozes, as you pass their several doors.

12. (S.)

Elbowing both your candles off the table, and then setting them up in this state:



13. (T.)

Toiling at a rotten cork with a broken screw, and so dragging it out piece-meal—except the fragments which drop into the bottle,

14. (S.)

Grinding coals or cinders into the carpet, in turning upon your heel;—then, after stooping, in a frenzy, to pick up the filthy fragments, and at last walking away satisfied that you have done so,—

crushing fresh parcels of them in other parts ;—and so on for an hour.

15 (S.)

After taking infinite pains to paste a drawing, or other choice thing, very nicely, seeing the paper, with all your pressing and smoothing in one part, start up in a thousand bulbous blisters in other places.

16. (S.)

Just as you have finished dressing yourself more nicely than usual, to receive company at dinner,—creeping down into a dark, damp cellar, for wine ; and unexpectedly finding, from a sudden chill about the lower part of the leg, that you are going *by water.*

17. (T.)

Setting your breakfast-kettle—(I forgot this in its proper place)—Setting your breakfast-kettle on coals which, though very free of their smoke, you cannot, by any arguments, induce to afford you a flame.

18. (S.)

Losing the keys of all your most private repositories; by which you suffer a double embarrassment—that you cannot, yourself, get at what you

want; and that they have, probably, fallen into the hands of others, who both can, and will.

19. (S.)

After having ordered from London some article of dress, furniture, ornament, &c. to be made on some particular model, which you had most solicitously explained to the workman before you went into the country—receiving it, at length, at the moment when it is most wanted—with this only draw-back on your satisfaction, that it is so perversely wrong, in all possible respects, as to be absolutely useless!

20. (S.)

Going on with a servant in whose honesty you have strong reasons for suspecting a *leak*, though not quite strong enough to warrant you in proceeding to a close charge, and search.

21. (T.)

Beginning your residence at the country-house to which you have just removed, before the repairs are finished—with the comfort of picking your way from one ruined room to another, through fragments of peeled mortar, broken bricks, scattered axes, adzes, chissels, &c.—and, at length, being invaded

in the fortress of your Study, and there pursuing your meditations to the sound of hammers, files, saws, tumbling walls, &c. &c.;—not to mention the manner in which you drag on your domestic existence for a long time, before half the furniture, utensils, &c. from your late house, have arrived; to wit—bed-chambers blocked up with matted trunks, bureaux, &c.—not a curtain, or carpet, to cover the nakedness of the sitting-rooms, &c. &c.—Then for your *eating*-accommodations — dinner dressed by the housemaid, with extempore spits, saucepans, &c. en attendant the arrival of the bonâ fide cook, and her apparatus—every dish, as it is brought in, carrying a "noli me tangere" on the face of it, and, such as it is, being served up on the kitchen table, with a set-out of crockery, from the same apartment—tea-spoons to the salt-cellars, or rather egg-cups, as their *proxies*—a man's white knife, to a child's green fork, &c. &c.—no alliance, as yet formed, with the butcher, baker, carrier, &c. &c.—and lastly, when your time, with all these loads upon it, begins to hang a little heavy upon your hands—neither a clock to strike it, nor a book to kill it!—

Sen. Why, my dear Sir, you seem so much in your element, while treating this particular

head of unhappiness, that I feel

—— —— "my Genius cow'd,
As Antony's was by Cæsar:"—

however, "nitor in adversum" is a noble motto;—to resume then:—

22. (S.)

To be startled from a nap in your chair by a dazzling blaze of light, which, on examination, proves to proceed from your candles' having been each fluted down on one side by a foot and a half of lobbing wick, flooding the table, and every thing upon it, in a torrent of tallow, which descends in a cataract to the carpet.

Tes. Why, there, your candles have outshone mine;—for I was going to say

23. (T.)

Reading or writing by one candle, and *that* so dim, that it would give no light, but for a fresh thief which rises in it every moment, and perpetually calls you from your book, or letter, to poke it off:—

Sen. In doing which, you find your paper always ready to receive it.

24. (T.)

In default of a turn-screw, labouring with the back, or battering the edge, of a good knife, at a notch infamously wide and shallow; so that it slips out of its place an hundred times over, without moving the screw an hair's breadth.—Likewise,

25. (T.)

Hammering your own fingers, instead of a very short nail, which you fumblingly hold in them—said nail, when you *do* hit it, curling at the point, instead of entering the wall—or losing its head, so that you cannot extract it:—likewise, the head of the hammer violently flying off, so as to break a looking-glass—a friend's skull,—&c. &c.

26. (T.)

Vainly hunting, a thousand times over, in every corner, crook, and cranny of the house, for something you have lost;—till, at some future period, when you have long ago abandoned the pursuit, the truant article appears of its own accord.

Sen. Yes—but not until you have entirely ceased to want it.

24. (S.)

The harrowing necessity of asking a person to dine in your house, who is in that critical class of life which makes him not quite a proper guest at your own table, and at the same time, a few grades too high for that of the servants :—no second table.

28. (T.)

Your watch-key having worn itself *round;* so that it amuses you with spinning, by itself, upon its square pin, of which it was once so fond, as never to think of moving without it.

Ned Tes. Aye—Horace, long before the invention of watches, prophesied this Misery very exactly, in his—" mutat quadrata rotundis."

29. (S.)

Finding, as you rise to take leave of a company, that you have been sitting for an hour, with half the carpet dragged up by the hind legs of your chair ;—or, seeing the same crime committed by

another, whose awkwardness is far beyond the reach of admonition.

30. (S.)

The snuffers scattering their contents over the card-table; while, in trying to remedy the affliction, you crush the black mischief into the green cloth, from which it spreads to the cards, and thence to your fingers, with the rapidity (and almost the fatality) of poison.—Likewise,

31. (S.)

Carrying a flat candle-stick in such a manner that the snuffers (not to mention the extinguisher) tilt off, open in their fall, and scatter their contents over the carpet.

32. (T.)

Dropping something, when you are either too lame, or too lazy, to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

33. (S.)

The interval between breaking a pane of glass, and the arrival of the glazier:—N. B. The aspect of the apartment (your constant sitting-room) E. N. E. and the wind setting in full from that

quarter, at the crisis of the affliction:—glazier a drunkard, living seven miles off.

34. (T.)

Pulling at an elastic bell-rope, which you either break from the cramp, without sounding the bell, or tug repeatedly, (thinking that it does not ring, when it does,) so as to bring up a wrong servant.

35. (T.)

A pair of rusty tongs, which, in opening, stick astride, so that you cannot manage them with one hand; and even when you have forced them with the help of the other, *still* will not meet at the pinching part, but let slip every coal that is at all smaller than your head.

36. (T.)

Flapping at an expiring fire with an *asthmatic* pair of bellows.

37. (T.)

Scizzars that pinch, instead of cutting.

38. (T.)

Bottling off liquors—and all the stooping, cork-haggling, finger-freezing, rim-hammering, bottle-breaking, stocking-slopping, nose-poisoning, &c.

which you have to go through for a whole morning together.

39. (T.)

Grubbing in the spoiled key-hole of your locked trunk, or drawer, with the wrong key—which you presently spoil also; and this, when it is of the utmost moment that you should instantly get at the thing wanted:—no blacksmith within many miles.

40. (T.)

Being told by your servant, at the beginning of a hard winter, that the coals are almost out:—then, on immediately ordering in a large supply, receiving for answer, that the coals are all locked up in the River by the frost; but that, as soon as the cold weather is over, you may have any quantity you like!

41. (S.)

A cup-board in the parlour in which you are making love—with the consequent perpetual intrusion of one prying servant after another, clattering among the shelves with glasses, tea-things, &c. —and all this, just towards the crisis of reciprocal confessions!

42. (T.)

Vainly attempting, when in great haste, to make

a very hard lump of sugar melt *double tides*, by pushing and pressing it against the side of the tumbler:—no effect but that of slipping off the spoon with a jerk, and splashing up the hot liquor into your own eyes.

43. (T.)

Coffee brought in a cup without a saucer—and so full, that the slightest motion of the spoon spills the hot staining liquor on your new nankeens:—*cream* out of the question, as the cup was at first too full to hold another drop.—To crown all, you have to seem quite easy in mind and body.

44. (S.)

Attempting, for half an hour together, to fit a pencil to its case:—when you seem, at length, to have effected it, and have put them sociably together into your pocket, taking out, five minutes afterwards, the empty case, and then the solitary pencil, with its point broken short off;—likewise, in taking out your pencil on the road to make memoranda, finding that the mineral has effectually eloped from the vegetable part of the instrument.

45. (S.)

Cleansing the Augean stables;—or, in other words, undertaking the labour of digesting into its

proper place each of a thousand different articles, of as many different uses, sorts, and sizes—(books—phials—papers—fiddles—mathematical instruments—drawings, and knick-knacks without end—) which have been for weeks, or months, accumulating upon the tables, chairs, and shelves of your library, and which no servant is able to set to rights—so that you have been, yourself, obliged to await the tardy conjunction of activity and leisure, before you can enter upon the dreary drudgery of subduing them into arrangement.

46. (S.)

After dinner—dragging the table about the room for an hour over an uneven floor, in hopes of coaxing it to stand on more than two legs—the remaining two hanging in the air; so that, on the slightest touch, the liquors are rocked and tilted out of the glasses, tumblers, &c. all over the board.—At length, when you are nearly destroyed already by the failure of all your efforts to persuade the floor and the table to make it up and be friends, suddenly giving yourself the *coup-de-grace* by one fatal straight-forward shove, which shuts in the leg on the opposite side—instantly followed by a thunder-clap and earthquake, as the leaf drops, together with decanters, bumpers, fruit-plates, sweat-meats,

strawberries and cream, &c. &c. &c.—leaving you in a state of mind....but I forbear!

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

Let it suffice to say that

"Loud was the noise! aghast was every guest!
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast!"

Dryd.

47. (T.)

Rummaging for half an hour in a disorderly tool-box for a nail, or screw, which when you have bruised and soiled your fingers to your taste, you are, at last, obliged to give up as hopeless.

48. (T.)

Reposing a fatal confidence in the stability of the fender, by resting your feet upon it with a pressure inwards, as you advance your face towards the fire.

Ned Tes.

Possint ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres *face*-m."

49. (S.)

Hearing and seeing the operation of shovelling

cinders performed by a hardy and indefatigable hand—every scrape upon your ears sensibly stealing an inch from your span of life.

50. (S.)

In a chilling evening—just after you have carefully stirred a very ticklish fire, disposing every coal in the most skilful and judicious of possible manners, and at the instant when one or two little flames are at length beginning to reward you by suddenly flashing out—seeing a boisterous blunderer rush to the chimney, seize up the poker, and, at a single lunge, dash your structure into ruins.

51. (T.)

Attempting to light a candle, with its short wick so effectually crushed down and buried into the body of the tallow, that it cannot be set up; while, in stooping it to the flame of another candle, you only keep melting the grease in a stream over the table and carpet: when you have, at length, caught a precarious glimmer, it is extinguished as soon as you have crept to the door, or (what is worse) to the stairs, "nescius auræ fallacis!"—this, three or four times over. At last, to be sure, the wick attains its proper length;—but, fair and softly!—this advantage is purchased at the exorbitant price

of seeing the well of tallow overflow its sides, and pour down a *bumper* into the socket.

52. (T.)

Haggling the nails of your right hand with a pair of blunt scizzars held in the left.

53. (T.)

Setting a razor on a sandy hone.

54. (T.)

Sitting, per-force, on a high, round-bottomed stool, when the chairs are all pre-occupied.

55. (S.)

Discovering, as you sit down to cards with a strange party, that your hands, by rubbing against your new suit of mourning, or from having worn for the first time a pair of black gloves, are as dingy as a dyer's.

56. (S.)

The handle of a *full* tea-cup coming off in your hand, as you are raising it to your mouth.

Tes. The handle of a tea-*cup!* what's that?

57. (T.)

The handle of the tea-*urn* coming off in the *servant's* hand, as he is passing by you ! and this in such a manner, that though you break its fall with your leg, you, at the same time, break your leg with its fall—to say nothing of the *contents*, which in my own case, I did not find of a very healing nature !

Ned Tes. Why, as to oversetting the urn, father,

——————— " omnium
Versatur Urna, seriùs, ociùs," you know.—

I am sorry for your leg, though :—that part of the mischief your evil Genius seems to have thrown in without book.

58. (S.)

Being roused from a splenetic reverie by the sharp, short yelp of a half-murdered puppy ;—ditto by a clap on the thigh with the whole might of a fox-hunter, hot from the chase, accompanied with a view holla, and immediately followed by " Hark away, my boy !—that's the cordial for low spirits !"

59. (S.)

Endeavouring, with a brush, to coax up dust, cinders, and other abominables, from a low hearth, against a suddenly-rising ridge, which constantly keeps returning them upon your hands.

60. (S.)

Sitting by, while a sinewy country-gentleman, without a nerve in his fabric, repeatedly applies a force that would raise *Great Tom*, to the cord of a little shrill bell (close by the door,) that answers with a touch, and keeps tingling till he begins again.

This is bad enough, you will allow—and the case is not much mended, if you commit the offence yourself, as you sometimes do, from not knowing the easy character of the bell.

Tes. Why no; one does not always forgive *one's self* for it, as you say;

" Sunt delicta, tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;
Nam neque *chorda* sonum reddit, quam vult manus et mens."

But when a rascal,

" quamvis est monitus—*chordâ*
Semper oberrat eâdem,"—why, " veniâ caret;"

which I translate, "he ought to have his head broke."

61. (T.)

The machinery of the window-sash abruptly *striking work*, in consequence of the flat refusal of all it parts to act in concert any longer—the leads sulking down in their holes, far below all sight and reach—the pullies resolutely standing out against all your efforts to turn them—the cords preternaturally bowing and curtseying, out of their destined perpendicular—and the sash itself, instead of chearfully and obsequiously waiting, as usual, for your guidance, *now* rudely and furiously slapping down, without a moment's warning, with the force (if not the effect) of a guillotine;—while, with all your lifting and lowering, and twitching and wheedling, you prove totally unable to compose the unhappy feuds which have thus suddenly and unaccountably broken out amongst the mechanical Powers!

We have now, I think, given a quietus to the *parlour*:—let us next, if you please, step up stairs, and give a peep into the *Bedchamber*, and *Dressing-room*, where, I take it, we

shall not find every thing just as it should be!

Sen. That you may safely believe, Sir—as, indeed, the length of your remaining list, which seems far to out-number mine, sufficiently shews.—Begin, Mr. Testy:—this, as you said to *me* on the subject of Social Miseries, is "*your* day."

Tes. It is:—first, then, we'll attack the *Dressing-room.*

62. (T.)

After putting on your clean shirt, finding that the two bottom buttons of the collar have *absconded;* or, that they have unfolded themselves into two or three inches of straggling unmanageable wire:—no time to change.

63. (T.)

A coat tight and short in the sleeves.

64. (S.)

Shaving after a frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled, skin tender, and hand tremulous,) with cold pump water, hard brush, roapy soap, and a blunt razor.—Likewise, shaving, with a blister behind each of your ears.

Tes. A *blunt* razor, you may well say; was there ever a smooth one? "Radit iter liquidum" is no motto for any of mine, however.

Mrs. Tes. A blunt *razor,* indeed! — see what *I* have done, and hear *my* misery:

65. (Mrs. T.)

Tearing your arm with a blunt *pin* in dressing; by which, to say nothing of the *pain,* you are certain of looking like a sempstress for a week at least.

66. (T.)

As you enter the drawing-room,—discovering, in the act of making a low bow, that the seam of your stocking affects the spiral, instead of the perpendicular.

67. (T.)

Repeatedly hitching, and breaking, the teeth of a fine-toothed comb in the *same* tender place, the feelings of which you had already exasperated by trying to appease the itching with your nail.

Ned Tes.

"Jamque *eadem* digitis, jam pectine pulsat eburno."
Virg.

68. (T.)

After having dropped out your sleeve-button,

without knowing it, rashly thrusting your hand into the arm of your coat, and so carrying the shirt-sleeve in a bunch up to the shoulder—leaving your arm raw, cold, and bare.

69. (T.)

While you are waiting for a fresh supply of tooth-brushes—battering your teeth with the ivory, and pricking your gums with the bristles, of your old one, completely grubbed out in the middle—its few remaining hairs staring off horizontally on all sides.

Sen. Let me finish your picture with a touch of horror that shall petrify the beholder:—

70. (S.)

The moment in which a misgiving comes over you, that a servant has clandestinely *assisted* you in wearing it out!

71. (T.)

After sweltering for an hour, on a hot day, in an attempt to drag on a new and tight boot, being unable to get it on, for want of size; or off, for want of a boot jack;—and so, dangling about the house like Prince Prettyman.

72. (T.)

In hastily putting on your shirt, (people waiting for you at dinner) stepping it in two:—no other clean.

Ned Tes.

———"quâ se medio trudunt—tenues rumpunt tunicas." *Virg. Georg.*

73. (T.)

Vilely washed, and as vilely ironed linen, which you would not believe to have been in the tub, but for the reeking evidence of rank soap, or lie, by which your nose is satisfied of the fact.

74. (S.)

Mis-buttoning your waistcoat, (undiscovered till you have gone into company,)—so that the bottom button seems sent to Coventry by the rest, and wrings the shoulder by the tug on that side.

75. (S.)

Tying your neckcloth vilely, when you wish to be particularly seducing, (always the case!) and only making the matter worse the longer you fumble at it.

76. (T.)

The points of the knee-buckle curving *outwards;* and so tearing your stocking, and raking your leg, every time you cross your legs.

77. (T.)

On leaving the house, finding that you have lost one glove, and falsely hoping that you shall be less miserable by wearing the other single, than by going altogether bare-handed.

78. (S.)

The involuntary mortification of wearing a *hair-shirt*, in consequence of having inconsiderately been cropped after shifting.

79. (S.)

Patching powder on your hair with a bald, clotted puff—and this, when you are dressing to go to *Her*.

80. (T.)

In attempting to untie the strings of your drawers, at going to bed very sleepy, dragging them into a cluster of hard knots—with your subsequent frenzy from nipping and picking at them for an hour, till your nails are sore :—no knife.

Ned Tes.

" Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,—
" Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit !"
Virg.

81. (T.)

Slipping your sleeve-button through a large button-hole ; or wedging it in a small one.

Sen. Yes—or making ample room for your button, by breaking fairly through the hole at the weak end.

82. (T.)

In dressing to dine out—your last shoe-string breaking—one knee-buckle lost—the wrong coat brushed—hole found in your stocking after you are dressed, &c. &c.—all this, and much more, invariably coming upon you like hail, at the moment when you are most belated.

83. (T.)

After having broken the ice in your bason, to wash your hands—dangling them before you like a dancing bear, while you ferret about in vain for a towel.

84. (T.)

In cleaning your teeth—numerous holes-full of bristles falling out at once, and clogging your jaws and throat, till you are choked; then, in endeavouring to pick away with your fingers what you cannot rince out, getting hold of only one bristle at a time:

——————— " pilos
Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo et item unum,
——————— elusus ratione ruentis acervi!"

Hor.

Ned Tes.

" Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?"

Hor.

85. (T.)

In shaving—at the first onset, saluting your chin with a deep gash; so that, through the remainder of the operation, your face and fingers are " dabbled in blood," which enrages you by flowing faster than you can wash it away;—" fluidum lavit inde cruorem,—Dentibus infrendens *gemitu!*"—When you have, at length, done with the razor—the new delays which you have to encounter, (in an agony of haste,) by applying one impotent styptic after another; and, to conclude, when, after endless attempts, you seem to have finally dammed the

flood, and, in that persuasion, have finished your dress, and are just leaving your chamber—"eloquar, an sileam?"—seeing it burst out afresh on your clean neckcloth!

86. (T.)

A fob so much too small for your watch, that, in impatiently tugging out the latter, you either turn the lining inside outwards, or bring away the chain by itself.

87. (T.)

In dressing for dinner— your *last* clean shirt, when you have put it on, proving so dangerously damp, that, to save your life, (and what weaker motive would bring you to do it?) you throw it off, and put on the cast garment in cold blood.

Mrs. Tes. Why one would think, Mr. Testy, that you had neither wife nor servants, by your perpetual complaints about the "last shirt," the "last night-cap," and so forth.—Pray, how often *have* you been reduced to your last shirt, since you were married to me?

Tes. Had you asked me to count the times that I *have not*, my lady, I could have answered you without the help of a pen and ink.

88. (T.)

In brushing your own coat, finding, as you get on, that every rub completely fixes in, instead of fetching out, the layer of powder with which it is covered.

89. (S.)

Loudly bursting three or four buttons of your tight waistcoat, the fastenings of your braces, and the strings of your pantaloons behind, in fetching a deep sigh!—dead silence in the company, at the moment of the melancholy explosion.

90. (T.)

The two side-screws of your dressing-glass losing their power—(which happens in about a week after it has come home), so that, with all your twisting and twirling, you can never persuade it to remain upright; but, as you sit before it, it *will* keep swinging and flapping upon your nose.

91. (T.)

Using a powder knife, which has (not merely so blunt, but) so broad an edge, that it grounds the powder into your skin, instead of paring it away.

92. (T.)

Pushing up your shirt-sleeves for the purpose of washing your hands—but so ineffectually, that in the midst of the operation, they fall and bag down over your wet, soapy wrists.

93. (T.)

When dressing in violent haste—your braces becoming suddenly so entangled, that after fruitlessly turning and winding them for half an hour in every possible direction, till you are raving mad, you are, at last, obliged to fasten them as you can, with the buckles inside outwards—straps twisted into hard knots, and girding and cutting your back and shoulders like spliced cords, &c.

Ned Tes.

——————— "centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento!"
Virg.

94. (T.)

Putting on a waistcoat which you find (too late) has lost its strings behind, so that it would take in all your family; and consequently, when you button in your coat, the bottom of the waistcoat struts out like a tent.

94. (S.)

Using a nail-brush that would serve for a *wool-card*—its bristles being in knots an inch apart, so that only two or three prickles at a time find their way under your nails, which they rake to the quick, without disturbing a particle of the *contents*.

95. (T.)

Entering your watch at the wrong opening, when it instantly dives to your knee,—where, for want of a lucky opportunity to extricate it, you continue to wear it.

Sen. A mere trifle, Mr. Testy;—hear me:

96. (S.)

Eating a biscuit so unguardedly, that the crums, or rather *crust*-ula, keep showering into your bosom;—while, from the cause you have just mentioned, you are under the necessity of cherishing them next to your skin, for the rest of the day—and a poor day of it you have!—apropos of which, likewise,

97. (S.)

After having breakfasted in bed, to which you are confined,—rolling, through the rest of the day

and night, in crums, which are presently baked by your body into innumerable needles of crust.

98. (T.)

The feelings of your teeth and gums, when you have insulted them by an over-proportion of vitriol in a tooth powder.

99. (T.)

In lathering the face, before shaving, very early in the morning, while still half asleep— gaping so suddenly as to slap the full brush into your mouth: —so much for the benefits of early rising!

100. (S.)

The sudden necessity of going to a shoe-maker's shop, on the desperate enterprize of trying to suit yourself, extempore, with a pair of boots;—then, after dragging on and off his whole stock in trade, without once approaching to the mark, being fated to shuffle, or hobble away, at last, in a pair which you seem to have stolen.

101. (T.)

After rising, in a bitter frost, and going up to the washing-stand,—water frozen to the centre of every bottle: next having to stand, in an ague,

first till you have raised a torpid servant, then while the pump is thawed, &c.

102. (T.)

Seeing the beauty of your coat, whilst yet in its prime, daily yielding to those confounded spots which come you know not how, nor when; and which no degree of care can prevent from multiplying without mercy, till it is disfigured beyond all hope of recovery.

——————" non ego *paucis*
Offendar *maculis;*

—but to see them spread by dozens in a day —there is no enduring it!—look here, for instance—and here—and here!—

Sen. Nay, Mr. Testy, this Misery may be removed by sending your coat to the scourer.

Tes. I must, I must;—[*Then, rubbing it here and there with his sleeve,*]—" Out, damn'd spot!—out, I say!—one!—two!—why then 'tis time to do't!"—high time, indeed;—yes —I *will* send it to the scourer's.

103. (T.)

Dressing for a Ball by an ill-cast looking-glass.

(not knowing it to be so at the time,) and so mourning over your own unseasonable ugliness.

There!—that will do for one dose of the dressing-room;—now for the *Bed-chamber:*

104. (T.)

The night-cap half-slipping off, when you are too sleepy to re-adjust it.

105. (T.)

Sleeping in an ill-roofed Attic story, while torrents of rain are falling all night—the leaky ceiling refreshing you, as you lie, with a shower-bath, filtered through the tester of your bed:—

"Quam—juvat somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!"

Then, on rising, quite *braced*, in the morning, finding your stockings, neckcloth, &c. afloat!

106. (T.)

Waking in the middle of the night, in a state of raging thirst; eagerly blundering, in the dark, to the washing-stand; and there, after preparing, with a firm grasp, to raise a large, full water-decanter to your mouth,—finding it fly up in your hand, as light as emptiness can make it!

Sen. Yes; or, on the contrary,

107. (S.)

Finding the broad-mouthed pitcher, which you lift to your lips on the same occasion, so *full*, that, besides amply satisfying your thirst, it, at the same time, keeps cooling your heated body, and purifying your linen, with the overplus!

108. (T.)

The two-fold torment inflicted by a flea — viz. first, the persecution to which he subjects you through the night; secondly, the loss of your meditated revenge in the morning, by his hocus-pocus escapes—his unthought-of and incredible capers, leaps, and flings, from under your eager fingers, at the very instant when you seem in the act of..... nay, to have actually annihilated him.

"Mille fugit refugitque vias; at vividus" alter
"Hæret hians; jam, jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
Increpuit—morsu elusus!" *Virg.*

Sen. O yes!—I am quite at home in this Misery;—"intus et *in cute* novi."—This little Harlequin of the insect-race, seems, like his

brother the Biped, to consider his pursuers, as foes "quos fallere et effugere est triumphus." *Hor.*

Ned Tes. But have you nothing to say against a *bug*, father?—In London, at least, "these *Bugs* do fear us all!" *Shak.*

109. (S.)

Getting out of bed in the morning, after having had far too much sleep.

Tes. To which I beg leave to "move as an amendment"—or *far too little.*

110. (S.)

After tossing through a restless night, in sickness, sinking at last into a doze, from which you instantly start broad awake, with the joy of thinking, that you are falling asleep.

111. (T.)

At a strange house—jumping into a bed which you expect, and have desired, may be *very hard*; and instantly finding yourself buried in a *valley of pap*, between two *mountains* of feathers:—the night a *dog*-night.

112. (T.)

Scylla, or Charybdis—sleeping in damp sheets, or between the blankets.

113. (S.)

The hypochondriacal impression, under which you fancy, as you lie in bed, that your fingers are, each, as large as a woolsack—legs of the size of church-pillars,—pillow bigger than the bed of Ware, &c. &c.—and all this affair seeming to grow worse and worse every moment!

Tes. A plaguy instance of Virgil's "Major-que videri!" I must own.

114. (S.)

To be startled from your slumbers, all night long, by your windows, as they bang and thump, by fits, in the wind; the floors and wainscot of you chamber, too, occasionally stretching and cracking like a ship, &c. &c.—till, at last, if you have any nerves, you go mad.

115. (T.)

The shrill, tiny buzz, or whizz, of gnats about your eyes, nose, and ears, through a sultry night.

Sen. If I were a joker like you, Mr. Testy, I might suggest that the little imps, provoking as they may be, at least prevent you from over-sleeping yourself!

116. (S.)

Finding that you have far—very far—very far indeed—from enough bed-clothes, as you get into bed, in a *brandy-freezing* night:—House-maids all dead asleep hours ago.

117. (T.)

Being driven from one corner of the bed to another, by the sharp points of feathers, which *stand up to receive you*, on which ever side you turn.—

Ned Tes.

Omne tulit *punctum!* *Hor.*

Sen.

"Restless he toss'd and tumbled, to and fro,
And roll'd, and wriggled farther off, for woe!"
Dryd. Wife of Bath.

118. (T.)

Waking with the pain of finding that you are doing your best to bite your own tongue off.

119. (T.)

The sheet untucked, or too short, so as to bring your legs into close intimacy with the blanket.

120. (T.)

Being serenaded at your window, all night long, by the tender war-whoop of two cats, performed with all their demoniacal variations.

121. (T.)

Breaking the strings of your last night-cap, in tying it on.

122. (T.)

On going early to bed, with a violent fit of the ague, and entering your chamber in full expectation of finding the coast clear—finding, on the contrary, the bed not turned down, and a *gauche* Dawdle just beginning to introduce the warming-pan between the sheets.

123. (S.)

While you are confined to your bed by sickness —the humours of a *hired Nurse;* who, among other attractions, likes "a drap of comfort"—leaves your door wide open—stamps about the chamber like a horse in a boat—slops you, as you lie, with scalding

possets—*attacks* the fire, instead of courting it,—falls into a dead sleep the moment before you want her, and then snores you down when you call to her—wakes you at the wrong hour to take your physic, and then gives you a dose of aqua-fortis for a *composing* draught! &c. &c. &c.

124. (T.)

The flame (but not the smell) of your candle going out, as you lie sick and sleepless; leaving you at once,

"Pertæsum thalami, tædæque." *Virg.*

125. (S.)

Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe, below;—then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down stairs.

Tes. You have robbed me, Sensitive; all this happened to me last night, as I was just thinking to tell you:—O it was a snug job, to be sure!—as to myself, I had no scruple in determining that it would have been a world pleasanter, in such a night as that, to be

roasted, than frozen, to death; but as Madam, there, seemed to think she had a sort of joint interest in the question, and was not altogether satisfied with my way of deciding it,—why, I e'en gave myself up to my fate.

Sen. I am sorry to have unintentionally foreclosed one of your *best evils;*—but there seems to be one more at the end of your list, which, to judge from its length, must be at least as rich in wretchedness as any.

Tes. Pretty well for that, I confess; it's like a Lady's Postscript, which, they tell you, contains the essence of the letter;—pray listen:

126. (T.)

Sleeping, on a sudden and desperate emergency, at a low lodging-house, *et ses agrèmens;*—your head broken, at the outset, by the beam of your chamber-door, for ducking *only* a foot deep, in passing under it. Then for the *interior*—floor all hill and dale—no fire-place—one crazy chair; however, plenty of huge family-chests, quite handy! all about your bed—a litter of sleepless brats hard by, with only a half-inch pannel between *their* throats and *your* ears—Landlord playing a running base under their trebles, by snoring, like Polypheme, through the opposite boards—

farthing-candle, without snuffers, or extinguisher—no night-cap, or one of stretching cotton, that takes in your shoulders—pillow left out—sheets of the sail-kind, newly sprinkled *for the gentleman*—knotty mattrass—no soap—only rain-water, and *that* a spoonful in a wine-bottle, all black at the bottom—a dram-glass for a tumbler—but one towel, or rather duster, about six inches wide, counting in the *holes*,—house-maid's comb, and triangular scrap of looking-glass, exhibiting sundry curious *stripes of day-light*, left you as a memorial of the *quick*-silver almost all *dead* and *gone!* its two or three *surviving patches* barely allowing you to play at bo-peep with a few fractions of your features by turns—scanty (if any) curtains—cat left under your bed, and kittening over you in the night, &c. &c. &c. On rising in the morning, (no one coming to open your windows) you break your nails in baffled attempts to find out, in the dark, the cramp principle upon which the shutters are fastened;—no bell—or one attached to a flagging, fluttering wire, that answers only by rustily, and peevishly, jarring and buzzing along the mildewed walls, and mazy passages: after ten tugs, however, at the broken end of this *iron thread*, twisted round your bare wrist, (no handle!) you, at length, extort from the *reclining* clapper one dead *ting*, which brings up, in the sequel, a gawky

Malkin, who snuffles to you through the door, and then mistakes all your orders :—all this while, you are shivering in your shirt, barefoot; your boots having been clawed away, (but not cleaned,) and no slippers left in ther room !

There !—I hope my performance answers to my promises.—And now I'll give you a concluding Groan, compared with which all the rest are like the sighs of a sleeping baby; —and what is more, it shall be uttered in a single word :—

127. (T.)

SERVANTS !

Sen. There came a thunder-bolt, indeed! —that word is, in itself, a volume—it is the very prince of sweeping clauses. Swift, indeed, has effectually forestalled us in this region of plagues, and often makes me wish that he had been as merciful as he is stout; for it costs me a severe fit of the bile, whenever I open that cruelly elaborate catalogue of abominations, entitled " Directions to Servants :" — more docile Disciples never rewarded the assiduity of a Teacher !—And yet

it does not very well become *me* to complain of him, on this occasion;—for, when I have been applied to for a *character*, as it is termed, by one of these domestic Scourges, I have more than once referred the enquirer, to the proper chapter of the Dean's directions, assuring the Lady, or Gentleman, that they were, in every instance, most punctually attended to by the present applicant, while he continued in my employment.

Tes. No bad method, I confess—though not quite so short as mine.

Sen. What may that be, my good Mr. Testy?

Tes. Kicking the rascal headlong down stars on the spot, the moment he asks me for a character.

Sen. Compendious, certainly — and, as it should seem, not unlikely to disembarrass you, in a considerable degree, from future applications of that nature.

Tes. Yes, yes—it answers there, too:—but enough of the "caterpillars," which torment us more than any other reptiles, because we are such fools that we *won't* go on without 'em.—Well, Sensitive, I begin to hope we

have now pretty well exhausted "Pandora's box," as you call it, and that we may now sit down upon our old stock of Miseries, without going out upon the hunt after new ones.

Sen. Nay, there are multitudes of Miseries beside those which are to be sought abroad. Turn your eyes, for instance, upon your own person, and tell me whether every joint, limb, and feature, is not a separate rendezvous for an innumerable legion of annoyances, which, though they do not suddenly destroy you, yet fail not in the end to wear you out by a harassing system of petty warfare, of irritating skirmishes, that allow you neither the recruit of rest, nor the glory of a battle.

Tes. Aye, aye—I see plainly whereabout you are;—"Miseries Personal, or of the Body," as I take it, would be a fit title for the enemies you mean.—If I can't conquer them, you shall see, however, that I can count them —no man better. When shall we meet upon it?

Sen. As soon as my nerves shall be strengthened, and your blood cooled, after this longest and hardest of all our days of difficulty.

Tes. Well, then, as the Tough should wait

upon the Tender, I will abide the leisure of your worship's nerves; but, as to myself, it would be a long pause, indeed, as *things* go with me, if we should lie by, till I get into cold blood !—And so, only let me know when you are man enough for another meeting, and you'll find me at your call.

DIALOGUE THE ELEVENTH.

MISERIES PERSONAL, OR OF THE BODY.

Testy, Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

[*Testy is muffled up about the face, with his handkerchief to his nose.*]

Sensitive.

How now, Sir?

Tes. How?——

GROAN 1. (T.)

A villainous cold in the head; blowing your nose lustily and frequently, till you are a walking nuisance to all around you—but without any fruits, except a sharp twinging sensation in the nostrils, as the passages which you have forced open close up again, with a shrill, thin, whining whistle;

—not to mention the necessity of disgusting yourself and friends by pronouncing M like B, and N like D, till you are well.

Sen. Bad enough—but I have a worse, just now coming upon me:

2. (S.)

Being on the bri .... on the bri .... on the bri .... on the br .... (*sneezes*) ... ink of a sneeze for a quarter of an hour together; and yet, with all your gasping, and sobbing, never able to compass it.

3. (S.)

After over-fatigue, or watching — those self-invited starts, jerks, or twitches, that fly about the limbs and body, and come on with an indescribable kind of tingling, teizing, gnawing restlessness; more especially towards bed-time.

Mrs. Tes. Yes, yes, the *fidgets*—deuce take 'em!—but I did not know that *men* knew any thing of the matter.

Sen. Not many of us, Madam, I dare say; but there are very few even among *your* Miseries, of which *I* have not at least a smattering knowledge.

8. (S.)

Bending back the finger-nail—or even thinking of it.

(*Here a violent shriek from Mrs. Testy.*)

Tes. What now, Mrs. Testy?

Mrs. Tes. What? why a much worse thing than Mr. Sensitive has just mentioned—what think you of

5. (Mrs. T.)

Receiving the first hint that your thimble has a hole worn through it, from the needle, as it runs, head and shoulders, under the nail.

6. (T.)

The sensation, from the hip downward, when your foot is fast asleep, and before the *sharp shooting*, which you have next to expect, has yet come on.

7. (T.)

Dreaming that you have a locked jaw, and seeming to wrench open your own head, in your convulsive efforts to speak or gape.

8. (T.)

A dozen or two of hiccups in the same breath.

9. (S.)

In your sick-chamber—receiving a large parcel, which you expect to contain interesting books, or dainties, sent for your comfort by some kind friend; and, on eagerly opening it, finding only a myriad of fresh phials, and packets of medicines—and this, too, when you thought you had done with the doctor.

10. (S.)

Waiting for the operation of an emetic.

Tes. Waiting for it?—pho, pho!—the operation itself is quite bad enough for me—to sit by the hour, groaning, and hoping that each pull will be the last:

———— "expectat dum *defluat amnis;* at ille
Labitur et *labetur!*"

———————— "again!
A louder yet, and yet a louder *strain!*"

And so you go on, as long as you can *answer* the *draughts* of the confounded chamomile—till at last you *fail,* by being *over-drawn:*—*Waiting* for it, indeed!

11. (T.)

" *Pravo* vivere *naso* ;" i. e. A deep notch cut by an East Wind under each nostril, and which you tear open afresh, every time you blow your nose.

Also—(and this is a pleasure I have soon to expect)—

12. (T.)

The state of your mouth at the winding up of a tremendous cold—your lips being metamorphosed into two boiling barrels, totally disqualified for the functions of eating, speaking, laughing, gaping, whistling, and—kissing.

Sen. Nay, as to your *last* article, when *I* am in this vile condition, I let *the ladies* know nothing of the matter—

" Necdum illis labra admoveo, sed condita servo."

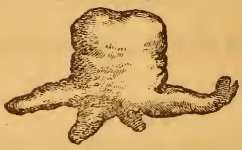
13. (T.)

Suddenly and violently scratching your ear, without recollecting to respect the feelings of an excruciating pimple with which it is infested.

Sen. Yes, the "vellit aurem," without the "admonuit," is a sad mistake, indeed!

14. (T.)

Having this kind of tooth drawn *by instalments*.



See here!—I have treasured all the fragments, along with these pretty pieces of wreck from the jaw, which bore them company—that they might serve as mementos, in case I should ever find myself in the humour of parting with any more of my head!

15. (T.)

Battering your own knuckles, or jarring the touchy part of your elbow, against the edge of the table, as if with a hearty good-will.

16. (T.)

Having some cutaneous complaint, of which the principal feature is a furious and constant itching—yet being rigidly interdicted the use of your nails.

17. (T.)

After having, with great labour, succeeded in dragging on a new and very tight boot—receiving strong and incessant hints from a hornet at the bottom, that he does not like his confinement:—no boot-jack at hand to second your anxiety to *relieve* him, and the poor prisoner still jerking away!

18. (S.)

The face or hands suddenly and unaccountably begrimed with that mysterious sort of filth, which, as soon as you have, with great difficulty, scoured it away, returns again and again more liberally than ever.

19. (S.)

Your *real* sensations, during the pretended indifference with which you sit to be tickled, by a celebrated tickler, in the most sensitive parts of the body.

20. (S.)

On standing up, and stretching yourself, after sitting long over books or papers—the sudden rush of blood to the head, and consequent giddiness and staggering, with which you are punished for your *sober excess.*

21. (S.)

The ends of your finger-nails becoming rough and ragged, so as to catch, and pull away, the wool, or threads, of worsted, cotton, &c.

22. (T.)

After long reclining, with every limb disposed in some peculiarly luxurious manner—to be suddenly routed from your lounge! then, endeavouring in vain to re-establish yourself in your former posture, of which you have forgotten the particulars, though you recollect the enjoyment—every new attempt leaving a certain void in your comfort, which nothing can supply:

——— ——— " in ev'ry *varied posture*,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!"

Young.

23. (S.)

Trying in vain to tamper with an approaching fit of the cramp, by stretching out your limbs, and lying as still as a mouse.

24. (S.)

In sickness—the tender persecution you undergo from your female friends, while, after a restless night, you are beginning, towards the evening of

the following day, to drop into a delicious doze in your chair; but which they will, on no account, suffer you to enjoy, settling it with each other that you are to be carefully shaken, and well tormented, every half minute—one crying "Don't go to sleep!"—another, "you had better go to bed!"—a third, "you'll certainly take cold!"—a fourth, you'll spoil your rest at night," &c. &c.

Ned Tes.

——— "alterius sic
Altera poscit opem, et *conjurat amicè*. *Hor.*

25. (T.)

Labouring in vain to disentangle your medicine-scales; till, after fretting, twisting, and twirling, for half the morning, to no purpose, you are, at last, obliged to weigh your dose (*Tartar Emetic*, or *James's Powders*,) as you can, with all the strings in a Gordian knot—one scale topsy-turvy, and the other turvy-topsy, &c.

Sen. Yes;—and this when,

"If thou *tak'st* more or less, be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division, of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest. *Merch. of Ven.*

26. (S.)

The interval between the dentist's confession that your tooth will be very difficult to draw, and the commencement of the attempt.

27. (T.)

Groping and stirring with a needle after a thorn in your finger, in hopes of wheedling out the peeping black atom; which, however, proves too cunning at last, for *you*, and your needle to help you.

28. (S.)

In a fire-side circle—sitting with your head close to a gaping cranny, which keeps up a steady whisper full in your ear, the whole evening long; a whisper, however, from which you, at least, learn something—the nature of the ear-ache!

29. (S.)

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold, in the hearing of certain elderly ladies *of the faculty*, who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of

nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate, by *taking you off* before morning!

30. (T.)

When in the gout—receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend (a sea-captain) who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripe of a grappling-iron; and then, further confirms his regard for you, by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger.

Sen. O, the ruthless ruffian!

Tes. Ruthless!—Mr. Sensitive, I actually went mad on the spot with pain and rage.

Sen. And, in your raving fit, you did not exclaim, I dare say,

——————"recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico!" *Hor.*

Tes. No, you may venture to think not;—I left that quotation for my friend, who, to do him justice, seemed to feel the beauty of the sentiment in all its force; and unluckily for

me, to wish that *I* should feel it too!—But let us get on:—

31. (T.)

The buzz of a struggling insect who has limed himself in your ear.

Sen. A disagreeable intrusion, without dispute;—but I should think that the insect you formerly mentioned, which domiciliated itself in your *eye*, must have enraged you still more.

Ned Tes.

"Segniùs irritant animos demissa per *aures*,
Quam quæ sunt *oculis* subjecta." *Hor.*

Tes. Well, well, you and Horace may settle that difficulty between you, for I cannot;—though it is not for want of pretty good experience in both; for I seldom pass a day without an opportunity of comparing notes between the two;—one would think I was all over eyes and ears, like Virgil's Fame.—But, come, have you any more ready misery in pocket?—For my part, I find that, for the present, my memory is out.

Sen. And mine;—but *only* for the present;

—for, in the first place, the surface of the body presents far too many points of contact to

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

to leave us any hope that we have yet been visited in every vulnerable part; and in the next place, the weapons of that goddess are far too various in their forms, and natures, to let us flatter ourselves that she has already introduced us to the whole circle of her tortures. But though we have still a long arrear of individual "groans," I really believe that we have, at length, exhausted the number of their general heads. All, therefore, that seems now to remain, is that, after a necessary interval of repose, we should meet once more, for the purpose of interchanging such miscellaneous specimens of anguish as may have hitherto passed unnoticed in the great crowd of our complaints.

And now, my friend, accept my cordial thanks for your diligent exertions as a fellow-labourer in the field of infelicity:—with respect to the comparative quality of the produce we have respectively gathered in, if *my*

samples should be deemed superior in fineness, yours, on the other hand.....

Tes. Blood and thunder!—are you there again?—Take care, Sensitive!

Sen. Nay, Sir, if you are in that mood, I am silent:—talking with you is like playing with a charged blunderbuss; one is always in danger of touching the trigger unawares.—Why, I thought that all this matter had been amicably adjusted between us, by mutual concessions, long ago: we have agreed, surely, that though each partakes, in a certain measure, of the characteristics of the other, yet do *I* figure most in the mental, and you in the corporeal branch of suffering. This distinction being, as I had conceived, fully recognised on both sides, I was only going on to strike the balance between us, and ascertain, if I might, *which*, upon the whole amount, is the veriest wretch of the two—be our several ingredients of wretchedness what they may.

Tes. Pho, pho!—this is not a matter to be arbitrated by the parties concerned; and even if it were, I can't think the discovery would pay the trouble:—however, since you are so

very anxious for the honour and glory of being the most unlucky dog alive, there is Mrs. Testy, who has generally been sitting quietly at her needle in that corner, while we have been over our business; and as I think she can't well have helped overhearing our conversation, (which, on *my* part, at least, has not been carried on in a whisper,) let us abide by her decision;—and pray don't be afraid of any conjugal bias in the case; for I have so long been in the practice of making her the confidante of my distresses, without, perhaps, always stopping to enquire whether she was in the humour to hear them, that I am afraid her partiality as an arbitress will be found quite unimpeachable!—Come, Madam Testy, lay down your gewgaws, and let's have your judgment upon this knotty question.—I'll bet half a crown, Sensitive, that she gives it for me after all.

Sen. Done, Sir; and Mrs. Testy shall hold the stakes.—Now, my dear Madam, what is your sentence upon the case?

Mrs. Tes. O, pray don't ask me;—I know nothing about your mind, and your matter, really:—for all I can see, you have both been

making a great fuss about nothing, and so I shall leave you both to settle it between yourselves. All I *do* know, is that you, Mr. Testy, have made *me* miserable enough, by stunning me with your nonsensical complaints for six months together;—and so, as you both seem to like *misery* better than any thing else, I will beg leave to read you a short list of some of my own troubles, which I have set down, at odd times, as I could spare myself from my household affairs, which I have been diligently carrying on for *your* comfort, Mr. Testy, while you have been alarming the nighbourhood by sounding out your "Domestic Miseries" like a town crier.—In short, whoever *ought* to be the winner, I know who ought *not*.

Sen. There, Mr. Testy! I think you will admit that you have fairly lost the wager.

Tes. I deny it, Sir;—she has not given it *against* me as yet; and I'll soon see whether I can't persuade her to give it *for* me:—come, come, Madam, [*angrily advancing towards her.*].....

Sen. Nay, Sir, this is too much;—you are certainly the loser, and ought, in honour, to pay the forfeit; but if you persist in refusing

it,—rather than see our fair Umpire accosted in *such* a manner on my account, I will consent to make it a drawn bet; and so let each take back his half-crown.

Ned Tes. Aye,

"Let old *Timotheus* yield the prize,
Or both divide the *crown*."

Mrs. Tes. Nay, Sir, I'm not to be browbeaten out of justice, neither; and so I deliver the *whole* crown to you, Mr. Sensitive.

Tes. Well, well, take it, then,—and I give you joy of your sorrow;—you may now sing, with old Burton.

"Nought so sweet as melancholy!"

And so now, Mrs. Testy, for *your* miseries, if you please;—produce your bit of ass's skin in a twinkling, and let us hear

——— "furens quid fœmina possit."

Mrs. Tes. Yes, I can

"answer thee in *Sighs*, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear."

You must take them as they come, Gentlemen; for I had not time to throw them into any order.

Sigh 1. (Mrs. T.)

After having invited a large party to dinner—within a few hours of their expected arrival, some of the most indispensable servants (cook in particular) seized with the influenza, small-pox, &c. when it is quite too late either to look out for substitutes, or to put off the engagement.

2.

While playing on the piano-forte, being obsedée by the attentions of a courteous gentleman (quite ignorant of musick) who turns over the leaf of your music-book a dozen bars too soon, and in his zeal to be soon enough, pulls down the book on the keys, and one (if not both) the candles, into your lap.

The two following befel me before I was Mrs. Testy.

3.

If you are a single woman, with a reasonable stock of delicacy and pride,—being rallied by a facetious gentleman, in a company where you are not very much known, on the subject of a *husband*.

4.

If you are afflicted with the malady of blushin

—to read in the complacent smile of a coxcomb who has accosted you, that he thinks you are *interested* in his attentions.

5.

A carriage which is of little or no use to you, because your coachman generally chooses either to be sick himself, or that his horses should be lame: —yet you are afraid to part with him, as *unluckily* he is a careful driver, and extremely sober, and you a great coward.

6.

A termagant cook, who suffers neither yourself nor your servants, to have a moment's peace—yet as she is an excellent cook, and your husband a great epicure, (excuse me, Mr. Testy,) you are obliged to smother your feelings, and seem both blind and deaf to all her tantrums.

7.

Working, half-asleep, at a beautiful piece of fine netting, in the evening—and on returning to it in the morning, discovering that you have totally ruined it.

Ned Tes.

———" postquam inter *retia* ventum est;
Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos!"
Virg.

8.

Snapping your thread quite close to your work, so that you cannot join it without picking out the knot,—that is, breaking two or three loops.

9.

Being disappointed by a hair-dresser on a ball-night, when you have left your hair totally uncurled, in full dependence upon him: in this emergency, being obliged to accept the offered services of a kind female friend, who makes you an absolute fright; but she being much older than yourself, and of acknowledged judgment, you dare not pull it all to pieces, and if you should, you have neither time nor skill to put it to rights again.

10.

At a ball—being asked by two or three puppies "why you don't dance?"—and asked *no more* questions, by these, or any other gentlemen, on the subject:—on your return home, being pestered with examinations and cross examinations, whether

you danced—with whom you danced—why you did not dance—&c. &c.; the friend with whom you went, complaining, all the time, of being worried *to death* with solicitations to dance, the whole evening.

11.

At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs. or Miss —— particularly when you smile.

12.

The only thimble which you ever could get to fit you exactly, rolling off the table unheeded; then—crushed to death in a moment by the splay foot of a servant.

13.

After having consumed three years on a piece of tambour-work, which has been the wonder of the female world, leaving it, on the very day you have finished it, in the hackney-coach, in which you were exultingly carrying it to the friend whom you intended to surprize with it as a present: afterwards, repeatedly advertising—all in vain.

14.

After dinner, when the ladies retire with you

from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topics are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two hours; having, three or four times, sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer "Very well—another bottle of wine." By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing, as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a *reasonable* complaint, to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee;—soon after, the carriages are announced, and the visitors disperse.

15.

On retiring, after dinner, without a female companion, being requested by one of the party to permit a stupid gawky boy of about 14 to accompany you: in this distress, you can neither have recourse to books, of which he knows nothing, nor to music, which he declares himself to hate; so that, after having extorted from him how many brothers and sisters he has, what school he goes to, and what are the games now in season, you are condemned to

total silence, which is interrupted only by the squeaks of your favourite puppy or kitten, as he amuses himself by pinching and plaguing it during the remainder of the tete-a-tete.

16.

At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains, (because you know not in what manner to refuse,) "the honour of you hand" for the evening.

Sen. Upon my word, Madam, tolerably unhappy, for a lady .....

Ned Tes. For a lady!—nay, Sir, "Ærumnosa, et *Miseriarum* compos, *Mulier*:"—by which Plautus means, mother, that a Woman is, to the full, as much *up to Misery* as a Man.

Sen. You have interrupted me, Mr. Edward; I was going on to say—for a lady who enjoys the admiration of one sex, and the envy of the other.

Mrs. Tes. There!—there!—Mr. Testy.

Tes. O yes, Mrs. Testy,—*there* is Mr. Sensitive, as you say; and *there* is his politeness:—but where is his sincerity?—

Well, Sensitive,—we seem, then, to have pretty well prepared our briefs in this grand Calamity-Cause of ours,—save a few miscellaneous items, to be added at our leisure:—I can't tell how long a time you will require to hearten yourself for the next consultation; all I can say is, that as you are *Mind*, you know, you must govern, of course; and you will find *Body* at your service, whenever you may be pleased to call for it.

DIALOGUE THE TWELFTH.

MISERIES MISCELLANEOUS.

Testy Senior and Junior.—Sensitive.

Testy.

YOUR servant, Sensitive;—I am glad to see you wound up to another meeting; when we last parted, your weights seemed to be quite down, I thought. Since that time, we have both been equally busy, I reckon, in gleaning up such little odd tortures, of all sorts, as we had left behind at our general harvest. For my own share, I have cocked up a tolerable shock of 'em.

Sen. Mr. Testy, I am yours:—would I could add that I am *my own!*—but, to say the truth, the cruel necessity of retracing my

footsteps through so many galling journies of life, in quest of missing Miseries, or stray Groans, has well nigh overwhelmed me; nor do I feel myself much enlivened by the prospect immediately before me, of counting over my collections.

Tes. Cheer up, Sensitive!—remember our rivals!—we are now within sight of the goal; and winning horses, like you and me, should scorn to complain of being a little out of wind in the race.

Sen. I stand prepared, Sir: my motto, during my late search, has been

"Stat casus renovare omnes, omnemque reverti
Per Trojam, et rursus caput objectare periclis."

To which I now add:

"Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam,

GROAN 1. (S.)

Labouring in vain to *do up* a parcel, with scanty, weak, bursting paper; and thin, short, rotten string.

2. (T.)

Drudging, late at night, for the twentieth time,

over long rows of figures, in a vain attempt to reconcile sundry totals, differing by a single farthing.

Ned Tes. Aye—that Misery is as old as Horace:

> "Infelix *operis summâ*, quia ponere *totum*
> Nescit."

3. (T.)

Receiving a quantity of thin sixpences, in change, at a shop, and striving to pick up the separate pieces against the rim, or ridge of the counter—but with such cruelly short nails, and in such violent haste, that you barely raise the edge of the coin, so as to cut and gall the quick of your fingers, from which the piece drops flat every time.

4. (S.)

Hearing that your lottery-ticket is drawn a blank, just as you have snugly tiled in your castles in the air.

5. (S.)

After the first, or prelusive squall of a fractious brat, which you had taken in your arms, to please its mother—the horrible pause during which you perceive that it is collecting breath to burst out with a fresh and recruited scream, that is to thrill

through your marrow ;—yet you know that, strange to say, if you throttle *it*, the law will throttle *you !*

6. (S.)

The necessity of sending a verbal message of the utmost consequence, by an ass, who, you plainly perceive, will forget (or rather has already forgotten) every word you have been saying.

7. (S.)

Being placed, and held, under the harrow, by a doting mother, who, first makes you look over, and praise, separately, an huge port-folio of Miss' or Master's early school drawings ; and then, sentences you to hear the urchin repeat all Gay's fables.

Tes. Yes—and there is another specimen of this sort of σοργη, quite as delightful to witness :

8. (T.)

Hearing the same mamma recite, and extol, by the hour, the premature wit and wisdom of her baby !

" Incipe, parve puer, risu *cognoscere.*" *Virg.*

9. (T.)

Your snuff-box shutting ill—or rather, not shuting at all; so that you carry the snuff, and the box, *separately*, in your pocket.—Also

10. (T.)

The dead silence of your capricious watch, when you are anxiously listening for its tick.

11. (S.)

The moment of recollecting that you have sent a letter, *unsealed*, containing all your most profound and delicate secrets, by one who, you *know*, will pay himself for postage, by very freely participating in your confidence.—Or, what is still worse:

12. (S.)

While at an idle tattling country town in your neighbourhood — on searching your pockets for such a letter as the above, missing it—then, recollecting in an agony of horror, that you have, probably, just dropped it in your walk through the high-street—then, rushing out in a state of desperation, to seek for it—and, finally, as you are giving it up for lost, and passing by the market-place in your return homeward, espying the fatal epistle in the hands of a Goth, who is reading the

last words of it, (including your *signature*,) with the voice of a Stentor, to a crowded and laughing auditory of both sexes.

13. (T.)

Going about for days together with a gaping cut in your right hand, (your bad sticking-plaster immediately coming off as often as you apply it,) till it is choaked with dust, as well as widened and inflamed, by rubbing against every thing.—Also

14. (T.)

The process of buttoning and tying your clothes (ditto of washing your hands) when the fingers are in so maimed a condition, that fastening one button in a quarter of an hour is doing great things!

15. (S.)

London in *September*.

16. (T.)

Going cheerily to the Bank for your dividends, on leaving London, and after waiting an hour before you can be served, suddenly discovering that you must wait considerably longer—having lost your memoranda of all the names and sums upon which you are to receive!

17. (S.)

In going out to sea in a fishing-boat with a delightful party, continuing desperately sick the whole time :—the rest of the company quite gay and well.

18. (S.)

Attending at the Stock-exchange on settling-day, amidst the quack of *Ducks*, the bellowings of *Bulls*, and the growls of *Bears*.

Ned Tes. Yes; while, to complete the concert,

——————" the Stock-*dove* breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole." *Thom.*

19. (S.)

At the House of Commons, during an interesting debate—striving in vain to overtake the voice of a rapid speaker with your ear.

20. (T.)

Reading over the account of "Ways and Means," when *you* have neither ways nor means of meeting the new taxes that pounce upon all your favourite articles of consumption; — or, in other words, throwing away one sixpence for a news-paper, in

order to see how many hundred more you are called upon to throw after it.

21. (S.)

On instituting a severe scrutiny into the state of your *hair*, from the sudden and alarming detection of a bald spot—finding yourself at least ten years *nearer to a wig*, than you had at all apprehended.

22. (S.)

When you are half asleep—receiving, and wading through, a long, dull, obscure, illegible, ungrammatical, mis-spelt, ill-pointed letter of business—requiring a copious answer by the bearer.

23. (S.)

In walking the streets—closely following, for above half an hour, a fellow with a heel as long as his foot, over which an inch of leather barely peeps behind; so that the foot seems, at every step, in the act of slipping out of the shoe—till you, at length, desperately wish it would happen, that the worst may be over.

I mention this misery to *you*, Mr. Testy, with great hesitation:—as we have been told that there are some "joys, which none but

madmen know," so are there some "Miseries," which none but the Nervous know;—and this, I easily conceive may be one.

24. (S.)

Sitting in a chair on which you do not discover that honey has been liberally spilt, till, on rising to make your bow, you *carry away the cushion.*

Ned Tes.

——"tollit *anum* melle vitiatum." *Hor.*

Tes. There you are out, Ned; it is vitiatâ.

Ned Tes. The D—l it is!—I am very sorry for it: I should otherwise have considered it as the luckiest of all my hits.

Tes. Why, if you *must* have an authority for this Groan, I will give you "dulcia mella premes."—Nay, to make Sensitive *quite easy*, here's another for him:—

——"peccat *ad extremum* ridendus."

25. (S.)

Those certain moments of existence, in which, without any assignable cause, *Ennui* so powerfully predominates over your whole system, mental and bodily, that you would joyfully submit to the

cat-and-nine-tails, by way of a *flapper* to your dormant excitability.

26. (S.)

During courtship—flattering yourself that you are a year or two younger than some—— "good natured friend or other" proves you to be.

27. (T.)

After bathing — the dull, rumbling, rushing, sound, which continues all day long in your ears, and which all your tweaking, nuzzling, and rummaging at them, serves only to increase.

Sen. Very sad, Sir;—you might here cry with poor Clarence,

"What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!"

but then *his* misery was but a dream;—would that ours were not realities!

28. (S.)

After having, with great difficulty, persuaded a friend to sit for his, or her, picture, and then feasting yourself with the thoughts of possessing a fac simile, which the great fame of the artist encouraged you to expect,— receiving, after long

delays, what proves to be the face of—any one but your friend!

Tes. Poor Sensitive!—That must have been quite a scene!

———" animum picturâ pascit *inani*,
Multa *gemens*, largoque humectat flumine vultum."
Virg.

Sen. Yes—but there is another stroke of desperation, the same in kind, but far worse in degree:—I hope it will be new to *you*, though it occurred this very morning to myself:

29. (S.)

After having been promised what you expect will be the *painted* portrait of a friend — receiving instead of it, nothing more substantial than a *black Shade*, en profile:—

On its entrance, Sir, I involuntarily exclaimed:

———" hence, horrible *Shadow!*
Unreal mockery, hence!" *Macb.*

Tes. Yes, yes—I have gone through it more than once; though, perhaps, I don't take it

quite so patietly as you may: for my part, whenever they send *me* their *silhouettes,* or what do they call them, I chuck them out of the window, as soon as they come into the room;—

"Come like *Shadows?*—so depart!"

is *my* address to the little blackamoors.

30. (T.)

Breaking a phial of asa fœtida in your pocket;—and then mangling, as well as poisoning your fingers, in taking out the bits of broken glass.

31. (S.)

Hiding your eyes with your hand, for a whole evening together, in vain attempts to recover a tune, or a name; said tune, &c. repeatedly flitting before you, but so rapidly as never to be fairly caught.

32. (S.)

Suddenly finding out that your watch has lost two or three hours, while you have been revelling in a fool's paradise of leisure, and unconsciously outstaying your appointments, and disordering all the arrangements of the day, with nothing to have prevented you from adhering to them with perfect ease.

34. (S.)

In handing a glass of wine, or some brittle article of great beauty and value to another person,—suddenly quitting your hold of it, under a *false* idea that he has taken his.—"Guess, ah guess the rest!"

35. (T.)

In pumping;—the dry, wheezing, hiss—and dead thumping, drop—of the handle, as you keep working it, with vain hopes of water.

36. (S.)

Shewing the colleges, public-buildings, and other remarkables of the University, for the 500th time, to a party, who discover no signs of life, during the whole perambulation.

37. (T.)

Buying a pocket handkerchief on an emergency so pressing, that you have no time to get it hemmed; so that, before the day is half over, it is all in strings.

38. (S.)

Eagerly breaking open a letter, which, from the superscription, you conclude to be from a dear and long-absent friend; and then, finding it to contain

nothing but a tradesman's long bill, which, moreover, you thought had been long ago discharged—but of which immediate payment is demanded in a very valiant letter, enclosing the account:—cash extremely low.

38. (S.)

Walking fast, and far, to overtake a woman, from whose shape and air, as viewed *en derriere*, you have decided that her face is angelic; till, on eagerly turning round, as you pass her, you are petrified by a Gorgon!

Ned Tes. A dismal transition indeed, from "O dea, certè!"—to

———"remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ!"

Ovid.

39. (S.)

After having bought, and paid for, some expensive article, as thinking you had lost such another, —unexpectedly finding the latter; then endeavouring, in vain, to persuade the iron shopkeeper to take back your purchase, and return the money.

40. (T.)

Struggling through the curse of trying to disentangle your hair, when, by poking curiously about

on board of ship, it has become matted with pitch or tar, far beyond all the powers of the comb :—

Ned Tes.

" Non comptæ mansêre comæ—Et rabie fera corda tument !" *Virg.*

41. (T.)

In sea-bathing—after having thrown off your last garment, the endless time during which you stand crouching and shivering, till the creeping old bather is ready to assist in suffocating you.

42. (S.)

Suddenly finding, safe in your pocket, three or four letters of the most pressing consequence, entrusted to your care a week or fortnight before, by a person hardly known to you, upon the faith of your promise to put them into the post within an hour.

43. (S.)

Suddenly missing your snuff-box after dinner, in a country-place, where you are leagues off from the possibility of a pinch :— then, in your longing agony, snuffing up, with your *mind's nose*, the well stored canisters of a London shop :—

Testy.

" So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far !" *Milt.*

44. (S.)

As a candidate—to be thrown out by a casting vote;—and this, when your party was so strong, that many of your friends kept away, on the certainty that you would muster far more than enough without them.

Tes. A strangely perverse Misery, as ever I heard of:—Why this is actually neither more nor less, than being *starved* by *repletion!*

Sen. I preface my next Misery, Mr. Testy, by reminding you that I am a public speaker:—

45. (S.)

Inveterate huskiness coming on you, at the moment of beginning your address to a crowded audience.

46. (S.)

After having long hunted in vain for a missing bank-note of 100*l.* and just as you are in the act of accusing an honest servant, on very suspicious

appearances of having made a *perquisite* of it,—suddenly spying out the last rag of its remains in the mouth and paws of a puppy, who had slily *embezzled* it, for his own private recreation.

47. (S.)

Paying the bills of blacksmiths, butchers "et hoc genus omne," and receiving in change, 1*l.* notes, silver, and halfpence, in a condition but too strongly impressing upon your mind the truth of the adage, that "riches are but *dirt!*"

48. (S.)

While you are gravely and anxiously setting your watch by the Horse-Guards, towards dusk,—being suddenly relieved from your trouble by the snatch of a thief,—who vanishes for ever!

49. (S.)

Learning, among other interesting communications in a letter just received from a dear friend in India, or America, that about a dozen of your last pacquets, on both sides, have missed their way.

50. (S.)

In passing through St. James's Park, towards the evening of a November day,—to witness the sprinkling of disconsolate Quizzes, and Dowdies, who

haunt the walks at such times—some solitarily muzzing and moping on the benches—others scatteredly sauntering they know not whither — *all* embodied symbols of whatever is

"Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable!" *Hamlet.*

The following I should address to the meagre visaged, like myself, rather than to such a well-fed sufferer as you are, Mr. Testy:—

51. (S.)

The necessity of borrowing the spectacles of a moon-faced friend.

Ned Tes. Very bothering indeed!

"Non hoc *ista* sibi TEMPUS *spectacula* poscit."
Virg.

52. (S.)

After bathing in the river—on returning to the bank for your clothes, finding that a passing thief has taken a sudden fancy to the cut of every article of your dress!

53. (T.)

Your horse falling lame, at the moment when you have come up with a scavenger's *brimming* car,

—leaving you no prospect of getting the start of the stench, till your nose has gotten it completely by heart.

Tes. So! your troubles are over, I see;—don't mistake me—I only mean that you have finished your list: so have I, all but one; and that, luckily, is a Misery of "mark and likelihood," very fit to bring up the rear with —a good heavy Groan, "full of sound and fury," but by no means "signifying nothing;" as you will allow:

54. (T.)

In going to the stable, towards night, stumbling over a pail of water, which a rascally groom has left to receive you, in the middle of the door-way; and which, after first taking you with its edge across the shins, sends you well-soused at your full length, with your head just behind the heels of a kicking horse:—

Ned Tes.

"Successitque *gemens* stabulis; questuque, cruentus
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

Virg.

Tes. Talking of the stable, by the bye, I must run away from you for half an hour:—my blockhead, who calls himself a groom, has contrived to groom my favourite mare into the yellows. I have sent her to the farrier's, about half a mile off, and must go myself, and see that the fellow gives her a drench, which the poor slut was to take about this time.—I'll be back in a twinkling.

Sen. (*After gloomily musing for a minute, in the same posture,*)

"But yet alas!—O but yet alas!—our haps be but hard haps!" *Sir Phil. Sidney.*

(*As he finishes the words, Testy bursts in, stamping, raving, and roaring, with his face covered with blood and mud, and his clothes bespattered with filth from head to foot.*

Sen. O, my friend! what do I see?

"quantum mutatus ab illo!"——

——"quæ causa indigna *serenos*
Fœdavit vultus? aut cur hæc vulnera cerno?"

Virg.

Tes. (*After a volley of execrations.*) A murrain seize all coachmen, footmen, postilions,

horses, and all that belongs to them,—wheels, roads, and all!—why, Sir—why—what did you say?—O ..... O ..... O .....ugh! — a pack of—

Sen. Nay, nay, Mr. Testy, it is horrible enough, to be sure; but be comforted—this is all in *our way*, you know; and our list of *Miseries*.....

Tes. Hold your tongue, Sensitive!—*look* at me!—hold your tongue, I tell you, or I'll hug you—nay, I'll *kiss* you, you dog!—what *am* I to do?

Sen. (*During whose speech, Testy breaks out into every possible variety of ungovernable rage.*) Do?—why, open your eyes, *if you can*, and then you will see a bason of water which your servant has brought to you, and which seems the best present remedy that your case affords; and then, if you should *ever* recover your tranquillity, indulge, I beseech you, what you will not consider as an impertinent curiosity respecting the cause, and circumstances, of this mountainous calamity.—(*Testy replies with a loud bellow.*) Nay, courage, my friend!—the bare relation of such a disaster

will silence our adversaries at once, and cleave the very sinews of their cause!—Let me, then, hear the petrifying particulars, at full length—I adjure you by your fidelity to the cause, of which we are the plighted champions!—*Let* me hear them!

Tes. Hear them?—Well, well—if I can ever ..... a dozen scampering scoundrels, at least!—but I'll—I'll—yes—if I do'nt!—but no matter—if I *can* get through my Groan in the usual form—I—I will;—shall I ever be able to tell it?—I can but try, however—yes—I *will* try:—

55. (T.)

Walking, nicely dressed,—*nicely dressed!*—you remember I was—and for the first time these twenty years—THINGS! THINGS!—*very* nicely dressed, I say—along a clean causeway—as clean as the floor, Sir!—but by the side of a road as muddy as a dragged fish-pond—four feet deep in mire, and more!—and receiving the successive splashings of a dashing, sawcy equipage, with a posse of outriders all at full speed, plump in your face—eyes, mouth, nostrils, and ears included!—the handkerchief .....

Ned Tes.

" *Noses, ears,* and *lips !*—is it possible ?—*Handkerchief !*—O Devil !" *Othel.* Act. IV. scene 1.

Tes. Hold your tongue, Ned, or I'll gag you !

—the handkerchief which you apply to your face in your wrathful agony, acting as a painting brush instead of a towel, and raking the blood out of your flesh by *scumbling in* the small sharp gravel along with the mud—then, hearing the *leash* of powdered jackanapes' on the foot-board behind setting up a horse-laugh, and—no !—I can't—I won't—I *don't* bear it !—I —— O—o—o—o—o ! —— Ah—h—h—h !

(Here Testy turns black in the face, falls, and is born off.)

Sen. (solus.)

" Vitaque, cum *gemitu*, fugit indignita sub umbras !" *Virg.*

(At this moment enters Sensitive's elder brother.)

Sen. senr. Well, Samuel ; how do I find you ?—overwhelmed, as usual, I see :—under

what "new and strange" calamity are you labouring now?—have you just been frying under the torment of a morning call from an idle neighbour, when you particularly wished to be alone?—or has some wicked rogue lately chosen a wrong moment for his jest?—or what other still more direful alarm has thus "cowed your better part of man?"—Am I never to have the good fortune of catching you with your eye-brows half an inch asunder?—or are you heroically determined to die, at last, a martyr to—*Nothing*? "Open thy ponderous and marble jaws," I beseech you, and tell me what's the matter with you?—How! silent still!—Nay, brother, then I must alter my tone, and ask you very seriously—have all my frequent and anxious expostulations with you against this fitful, querulous, fastidious temper of yours, turned out to be but waste wind?—Instead of that rational and manly intercourse of affection to which I have a brother's right in your society, am I perpetually doomed to be a weary listener to effeminate complaints, and histories without end of artificial sorrows, and ideal mortifications?—Will you neither

discover for yourself, nor accept another's discovery, that the "dagger which you see before you," is "but a dagger of the mind?"—that the Shapes by which you are teazed, or terrified, are only pigmies, magnified into giants by the fogs of imagination?

Sen. junr. Peace, brother; your rebukes are, for once, at least, deplorably out of season—unless you are prepared to maintain that the death, or danger, of a *friend* is a pigmy, or "an air-drawn dagger."

"No man bears sorrow better:"—*Testy's* "dead."
Jul. Cæs.

Or, if he still live, he has only such life as a fit of apoplexy allows him.

(*Here S. Sensitive relates, at large, the particulars of Testy's accident, and its consequences.*)

Sen. senr. Hum!—Portentous, indeed!—But now, my dear brother, if he should *really* have uttered his last "*Groan*," (*that*, I think, is the awful name, with which you have agreed to dignify your little *fidgets*, as the ladies more happily express the thing,) if, I say, he should have actually breathed, as well as groaned, his last,—why, in that melan-

choly case, I, for my part, shall incline to think it possible that he might have been saved, merely by forbearing to groan at all!—and *then*, perhaps, brother Samuel, a few Groans less on *your* part, too, might have been as well—and, what is worse still, a few Groans more may chance to bring you into the same condition!—and, after all, (as I may now, methinks, demand more confidently than ever,) *are* these Groans quite as imperiously called for as you have so long encouraged each other in concluding them to be?—*Groans*, I have said, all along;—but, as for your unhappy friend, *he*, as I recollect, had still more animated ejaculations of discontent in readiness for his occasions; *his* "Groans" having been usually vented in the form of *imprecations;* I can truly assert, at least, that whenever he entered a room in which I have chanced to be one of the company, he regularly "took the *oaths*, and his seat," together.—But to return to the question upon which I was entering, and examine it a little more closely;—is it, let me ask you, incontestibly certain, that the instances which you have at all times, so prominently displayed,

and so ostentatiously lamented, as evils, are fully entitled to that name and character?—or, admitting them to be such, in *kind*, are you sure that you have made no mistake at all, as to the *degree*? — But this inquiry will be most effectually managed by a reference to particular cases; and here, as the *onus probandi* lies properly on you, I openly challenge you to bring forward a few particular thunder-claps, selected at your own discretion, from your general magazine of "Miseries."—Come, brother, you must not shrink from the fair test by which I am desirous of proving you: you informed me a few days ago, that, in one of your sad "Conferences," as you termed them, with your (*late*?) friend, you had split your "Groans" into two grand divisions—mental and corporeal; and you have occasionally treated me with a few articles under each head: produce them, if you please, once more; and let me try whether I cannot confront and overthrow them with others, similar in form, but immeasurably exceeding them in size.

Sen. junr. *Shrink* from your test?—No, brother; I retort your defiance; and shall be

able, I flatter myself, to set up "Miseries," faster than you can throw them down. I will, first, adduce a few samples from the inferior of the two classes:—let me ask you, then, without farther preface, what you honestly think of "an inveterate corn on the little toe?"

Sen. senr. You have opened with a most formidable fatality, I must own!—and yet I will summon courage to inquire, in my turn, what *you* think of the amputation of the whole leg?

Sen. junr. What? why, that—but come—I will not dispute with you for trifles; but pass, at once, to poor Mr. Testy's late affliction:—is it nothing, think you, to be "splashed," as he was, "from head to foot,"—and this, under such aggravated circumstances, as I have related?

Sen. senr. Be that affliction as terrible as it may, I will intrepidly meet your question with another:—I ask, then, is *splashing*, under *any* circumstances, positively as bad as *drowning?*

Sen. junr. As I have not yet tried both, I must unavoidably leave the question unanswered. I proceed, then; and will next try

you with "A door swinging and whining upon its unoiled hinge."

Sen. senr. I stand unmoved; and, in reply, confess myself biassed by the vulgar notion, that the shrieks of a hinge, however piercing, would yet be more easily endured than the shrieks of the whole family, if the house were on fire. And I take leave to add, that, whatever you and Mr. Testy may have ruled to the contrary, a house is no bad thing, after all, though the hinges of one of its doors should sometimes cry out for a little oil; nay, even should no oil be ready to answer the summons.

Sen. junr. Well, well, then — "The torment inflicted through a whole night by a flea!"

Sen. senr. I well remember that you were once very eloquent upon this, as the *ne plus ultra* of human distress; I will not be dismayed, however, but boldly venture my opinion, that a single nip from a *shark*, or a *tiger*, would be still less desirable than a thousand bites from the fiercest flea that ever thirsted for human blood.

Sen. junr. It might, or might not; for here, again, I happen to be experimentally

acquainted with but one of the two cases.—"Treading, unexpectedly, on the back of a toad?"

Sen. senr. The back of a toad—very slippery walking, I can easily conceive; but I should suppose, Samuel, that the back of an *adder* must be to the full as uncomfortable a kind of footing; if that were *all;* but when his *teeth,* (with which he is very expert, whenever thus put out of his way,) come to be thrown into the scale—to say nothing of those little purses of poison at the bottom of them —I seem to see, in a moment, which of the two reptiles must kick the beam.

Sen. junr. You are as obstinate as usual, brother; and I dare say, will not consider the casualty of "Breaking a bell-string" as a matter of very deep concern.

Sen senr. O yes! truly tragical, without doubt;—but how for breaking one's *neck?*—certainly, say I, to the full as much, and perhaps even more so.—But enough of what you have yourself admitted to be the meaner of your two classes of Pathology; and in truth, with respect to *this,* I already see Conviction "like an Angel come;" though you have not

yet had the candour to announce her arrival; —let us now, therefore, if you please, ascend to your *higher* order of tribulations, upon which you, in particular, have been, at once, so splenetic and so self-complacent—I mean, the sentimental vexations of *Social life*.

Sen. jun. Nay, *here* I may safely defy you. Beware, brother!—if you set your foot on this ground, you are lost.

Sen. sen. N'importe: I have no fear, and am resolutely ready to attend you through the thickest horrors of society, where "Miseries," according to your account, lurk in ambush under the chairs and tables, and every house is founded on a mine; where the parlour is peopled by Monsters and Furies, under the figures of ladies and gentlemen; and "Groans" are, as it were, the vernacular idioms, and most familiar dialects of common conversation. Since, however, I have found you somewhat more embarrassed by my replies than I expected, what if I release *you* from the task of searching for instances, and take it upon myself?—

Sen. jun. Before you begin, brother, let me only advise you to be very honest in selecting

them. It will avail you nothing to suppress the strongest cases; for you may easily suppose that I shall carefully supply any omissions of this nature which I may discover.

Sen. sen. Be not alarmed, Samuel; you have, here, a triple security;—my own good faith — the jealous watch which you have threatened to keep over me—and the accuracy of my recollection; which last, indeed, you have, yourself, effectually ensured, by having repeated to me your favourite woes, till they are indelibly burnt into my memory; as you shall presently allow:—to my questions, then:—Is the frothiest coxcomb that ever rattled in a ball-room, altogether as ruinous to one's peace as a treacherous friend? —May we *as* justifiably forswear for ever the acquaintance of a worthy character, because he has been sometimes known to raise his voice above the established concert-pitch of polite conversation, as we may that of a Miscreant, whose tongue, whether rough or lished, is the Organ of Duplicity, or the Trumpet of slander, or the Dagger of malice? —Is it absolutely harder to forgive a fellow-creature for murdering a good story, than a

good wife?—Nay, imagining the most pathetic case of colloquial disgust that even your own plastic imagination cold furnish out—would you seriously add, that if the case under supposition were to befal yourself, you should fairly *die*, (as you ludicrously apprehend that your friend has done,) under the annoyance?—and if this is more than you would quite venture to swear, would not your silence amount to a plain confession that the afflictions of those hapless multitudes who *have actually* so died, were still more intolerable than your own; and should it not thence follow, as a natural corollary, that it is, at last, better to be *bothered*, than *broken-hearted*?

Sen. jun. I fancy, brother, you are determined to bring your last question to an immediate issue, by oppressing me with such a crowd of queries in a breath: you seem to have borrowed a hint from Hercules, in his scuffle with Antæus, and, since you cannot conquer me, blow for blow, are willing to try whether I am to be stifled. I shall not deny, nevertheless, that some of your counter examples have considerable weight — much

more, indeed, than I had expected;—with a very little leisure for reflection, however, I should not doubt of finding such other instances as would force the best of yours to "hide their diminished heads."

Sen. senr. Nay, Samuel, were it not for the grotesque absurdity of the argument into which we have fallen, I would engage, on my part, to run on the comparison ad infinitum; and this too with the same advantage which you have, thus far, seemed, however reluctantly, to yield in my favour.

But this is not enough, my friend;—no, not by a great deal;—for I would next go on to inquire, in opposition to this doggedly dolorous cast of mind, which it is your pride to cherish, instead of resisting,—might not the very disposition to confess that these things *may* be as I have represented them, materially tend to assist in planting the experimental conviction that they actually are so?

Sen. junr. A very reasonable postulate, truly!—that I should think what I can not think! and see what is invisible!

Sen. senr. No;—that you should grant that to be possible which you do not think

true; and that to be visible to others which you cannot yet see;—and this is, in other words, no more than asking you to confess, that bigotry, on whatever subject, is the genuine offspring of natural or wilful blindness. — But abandoning this ground, and admitting, for a moment, your Miseries to be, as you have painted them, both genuine in kind, and exquisite in degree,—shall the affirmative thus conceded be said to warrant the utmost extravagances of fury or despondency, in the victim?—or, surrendering this, too,—is their *policy*, even if there were innocence, in these excesses?—Is it not on the contrary, notorious, that those very persons who are visited with what I affirm to be the real sorrows of life, are frequently in the fruition of higher degrees of happiness, upon the whole, through the mere medium of submissive patience, than you have been, who have suffered only its fictitious evils, but who have disdained to lean upon the same support?

Sen. junr. Undoubtedly. That, between our "Miseries" themselves, on one hand, and our impatience under them, on the other, *we* are the most unhappy of the human race, it

is the very business of my argument not merely to admit, but to contend.

Sen. senr. Is it so?—Why, then, the next thing which your argument has to do, is to give up the ghost:—yes, Samuel; by admitting that the impatience which you suffer your Miseries to occasion, is, *itself*, to be added into your general account of unhappiness, you have given an effectual quietus to the controversy. For, the inquiry with which we are truly and properly concerned, is, not into the abstract nature of the respective evils here in question, (which, regarded by themselves, are *nothing*, on either side,) but into their sensible effects upon the mind which they assail; into the comparative quantum of misery, which they *inevitably* leave behind them, when the utmost degree of fortitude has, on both sides, been opposed to the utmost power of misfortune:—the whole question swings upon this hinge; and, I think, I have satisfactorily shewn that it shuts poor Testy and yourself completely out of doors.

Sen. junr. I shall not deny, that you have displayed some eloquence as an advocate;

but eloquence, and argument, remember, are not always twins. I have already told you, brother, with respect to Mr. Testy and myself, that our impatience is a natural infirmity; and you might as hopefully try to *persuade* our poor old bed-ridden great-grandfather up stairs, that, if he pleased, he could jump up, and follow a fox-chase;—aye, or engage to *reason* yonder cripple into a rope-dancer, as attempt to *argue* Mr. Testy into meekness, or myself into serenity.

Sen. senr. You perfectly confound me, Samuel!—till now, your eccentricities of temper have amused, even while they distressed me; but at present, I am purely alarmed, without the smallest mixture of entertainment. —Upon your sincerity, as a brother, and a friend, I conjure you to answer me—Is man, —moral, rational man,—a freeman, or a slave?—Are all the celebrated schools of old or modern ethics to be thought of simply as the Fairy-land of fancy; or, at best, but as successive fields, on which the Wise have met, to wrestle for the palm of intellect?—

Sen. junr. Nay, nay, brother, in whatever light we are to consider these boasted schools,

they have certainly thundered their syllogisms at higher crimes and misdemeanors, than—what?—a few animated complaints against the coarse persecutions, by which men of taste and delicacy are incessantly outraged, and insulted, from every quarter.

Sen. senr. Brother, you are "a scholar, and a ripe one;"—to come, then, more directly to our point: does your acquaintance even with *Heathen* literature supply no cases to your recollection, in which the man who had been cradled, reared, and pampered in ferocity, was subsequently disciplined into mildness by his own hands?—The self-wrought gentleness of Socrates, for instance, which is handed down to us upon his own evidence—is this to be taken as a fable, or a record?

Sen. junr. The latter, I suppose.

Sen. senr. If, then, an unenlightened Moralist, from *Nature's* school, could build himself to these, and other heights of virtue..... you guess, no doubt, to what I point; and, fresh as we are from such frivolities as we began with, you see how much I hesitate at the hallowed reference which I have in view; —and yet I will not—nay, I *dare* not check

the stirring question.—Is there, I demand, no *other* volume on your shelves, in which the tie of patience, under *every* proof, is bound upon our hearts and souls by *other* hands, and sealed with *other* sanctions and examples, than the best, or brightest of these *Pagan* Worthies ever reached in dreams?—sanctions, of which the mighty weight, and price, are still but faintly known, and quite unfelt, except by those who own the *Moral* Government but as tributary to an *higher, nobler, and more awful Kingdom.*

What! are you electrified at last?

Sen. junr. You have, indeed, produced an authority, for which I will confess that I was not immediately prepared: and if, on close examination, I shall find that it determines full against me, I must, assuredly, withdraw my pleas. I trust, however, that even in this case, I shall be allowed the benefit of time and consideration. Feelings so deeply rooted as mine, are not to be solicited from the soil at a touch:—besides, brother, I cannot but expect that, even in the venerable pages to which you have referred me, I shall find allowance for the irresistible strength of natural

impulses; and then should *I*, of all men living, have a claim to whatever indulgence.....

Sen. senr. A claim that is cancelled by the very act of enforcing it; for, indulgence being free, and a claim being compulsory, it is obvious that they can never coexist with respect to the same instance. Am I safe in this deduction?—I take your answer from your silence.

But let us now descend, brother, from an eminence on which I fear you may be giddy, from having hitherto frequented it too little. What, then, remains for me to say, that you can bear more easily?—Fain would I wind up my reprehensions, by declaring, once for all, that you, and your friend, have each gone miserably wrong, from the beginning;—first, through the monstrosity of preferring the painful to the pleasureable, when both were at your choice; secondly, (since you *would* be wretches, as a matter of *taste*,) in coining, and uttering, your own counterfeit calamities, and at the same time, affecting to cry down the sterling miseries of life; and thirdly, by cultivating habits of petulance and discontent, on the score of such light evils as bechance

yourselves, in common with all the sons and daughters of Adam,—instead of thankfully rejoicing in the indulgence you have so little deserved, in that those massy sorrows, which alone deserve the name, have not been heaped and pressed upon your hearts, till they had burst under the burden.—This flagrant absurdity in *Morals* may be said a little to resemble that of certain votaries of a certain *Faith*, in *Religion*—men who preposterously transfer their reverence from sober ceremonies, and unadulterated doctrines, to devotion in masquerade; to the consecrated Hocus-pocus of St. Januarius's blood, or the supernatural Knick-knacks of Loretto.

So then, Samuel!—Juvenal, you see, turns out to be in the right, after all:

——————————— "sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris. Casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.
Ponamus nimios *Gemitus*. Flagrantior æquo
Non debet *Dolor* esse viri, nec vulnere major;—
Tu quamvis levium minimam exiguamque malorum
Particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens
Visceribus."

Sagely concluding his lecture with

——————— " Dicimus, autem,
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicêre magistrâ."

I have never forgotten the passage, since I once translated it at Oxford as an imposition, for swearing most indecently at one or other of your precious catalogue of " Miseries :"—I think I could still recollect the lines I gave in :—

But not so lost, so abject thine estate,
That thou must sink beneath a feather's weight;
Nor rare, nor monstrous, thy misfortune shews—
Drawn from the mingled heap of Fortune's woes.
Away, then, with immod'rate *Groans;*—the cry
Should suit the *Mis'ry*, nor the wound bely.
But you, whose Fever boils through ev'ry vein,
Can brook no jot, no particle of pain.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Call happy those whom life has school'd to *bear*
Her fretting yoke—not cast it in despair.

The last sentence is, in itself, a verdict against you both ;—as Juvenal, however, was no joker, I will venture to supply one defect in his admonitions, by suggesting, that the

most palatable form in which his prescription of patience under trumpery troubles can be made up, is that of *laughter*,—which, next to breathing, is perhaps, the most important business of the lungs; and accordingly, even those who cannot, sometimes, help crying a little over these, and such like "Miseries of Human Life," may take a wholesome hint from Andromache, who, even in the midst of her tears, contrived to edge in a smile—*Δακρυόεν γελασασα*. Shakspeare, too, has left for such as cannot entirely give up the privilege of whimpering on these occasions, a short sentence, which might be turned to the same profitable account:

——————— "more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed."

Here, then, my dear brother Samuel, you will, I doubt not, very readily agree to a suspension of arms. Whether the edge of my argument, assisted by Mr. Testy and his fit, has bitten more deeply in this, than in any of our former intellectual duels, I will not, at present, stay to inquire; but remain satisfied with those involuntary demonstrations of

weakness which you have made, more and more perceptibly, from the beginning of our present encounter to the end. That you will ultimately, and freely, lay down your arms, I do, certainly, both hope and predict; but it will be more honourable both to me, and to yourself, that this step should be taken after a counsel with reason, than in a start of panic:—in the mean time, let me shield you from the apparent disgrace of a surrender, by suggesting that, in this peculiar species of warfare, capitulation is richer than victory;—nay, that defeat itself is fame.

Sen. junr. (after a long pause.) Have I another argument left?—No. Why then, brother, the day is yours;—and, since you have *not* frightened, but fairly beaten me from the field, I will no longer keep you in waiting for your triumph. Yes:—from this moment, I abjure the pernicious errors in which I have lived:—abjure them in *principle*, I mean; for, with regard to *practice*, I beg leave to make no engagements; since, whatever the dramatists, with their off-hand reformations in the last scene of the last act, may find it convenient to suppose, I am fully

aware that, *off the stage*, practice aforesaid is never found to be quite so prompt an attendant upon theory, as they have represented. I am resolved, however, to make the attempt without delay, and am now *impatient* for an opportunity of displaying my *patience*.

Sen. senr. Take my hand, Samuel; I have retrieved a brother!—That you accept my principles, is all that I, at present, desire; and as for the modesty with which you speak of yourself, on the side of actual performance, I am willing to embrace it as an earnest of your final success. Thus far, then, we have auspiciously proceeded towards the great point which I have in view;—and here, perhaps, I am bound by my late offer to close our discussion; but, to say the truth, your extraordinary candour encourages me to advance one step farther:—you are anxious, you say, for a fresh opportunity of trying your strength upon a few of those minor Miseries, to which you have hitherto yielded up your tranquillity, without a struggle: this ambition is, allowedly, very honourable, even as it stands; but I am tempted to furnish it with an additional

motive, by which it will be still farther ennobled: the motive I mean is that of preparing yourself, by this diligent rehearsal of patience under easy trials, for a higher display of resignation, under an higher order of distresses;—distresses so serious, that you have hitherto derided them, purely from ignorance of their real nature; and so formidable, that the species of preparation which I have here recommended, is found no more than necessary to every man who aspires to stand unstaggered beneath their blows.

Sen. junr. Though as yet but a novice in the school of real affliction, I think I comprehend the force of your last allusion brother. You would tell me, I conceive, that it is in the case of contest with affliction, as in that of actual warfare. The soldier who carries arms in peace, and practises his courage against fictitious dangers, has insensibly become a veteran, before he has risked a battle; and, when, at length, he is summoned out to action, brings a seasoned valour into the field. Thus, you would say, the man who has diligently proved his equanimity upon mean

occasions, has performed self-government so long, that he has nearly rooted the principle of impatience out of his nature;—has so frequently despised all little molestations, that, in the end, he forgets to be ruffled when they arise.

Sen. senr. You have spared me the necessity of unfolding my comparison. Yes, my brother; whoever is thus exercised and fortified against the accidents of the passing hour; whoever is thus accustomed to be thwarted in his course, without loss of his moderation, is the *early veteran* whom you have just described: it must be clear, that such a man is, better than another, prepared for the heaviest fire of misfortune; and that, open upon him when it may, he will be found in heart, and under arms.

Sen. junr. I have already shewn, brother, that I perceive the drift of your military metaphor; but I must not conceal that I have a doubt upon my mind, as to the closeness of the parallel. In the present altered state of my feelings and opinions, all my former "Groans," or "Miseries," begin to appear, by contrast, so very poor, and trivial, that I can

scarcely grant them even so much consequence as you would assert in their favour; viz. that they are good for the use of preparatory discipline; since, by any man possessing but a grain of real resolution, they must, surely, be regarded as altogether despicable; —as neither loud enough to be heard, nor heavy enough to be felt.

Sen. senr. Aye, Samuel; like every other new-made convert, I see, you are off, at a flying leap, from one extremity of the question to the other; it must be my endeavour, therefore, to fix you safe in the centre, where reason will, as usual, be found to reside. In truth, I cannot but smile at the point to which you have now brought the argument; for, by a most whimsical revolution of things, it has suddenly become *my* business to persuade *you*, that your quondam "Miseries," nugatory as they may be, are not, however, the absolute *nullities* which you are, all at once, in such violent haste to pronounce them. The simple truth is, that the little disturbances now in question, atone, in a certain measure, for their futility, by their frequency and, in like manner as the greater

periods of time are computed by the single moments of which they consist, it may be said that the general firmness, or imbecillity, of the human mind is to be measured by its habitual deportment under these apparently slight, but, in *my* view, really important, vexations; —*important*, I say, in-as-much-as they make up, in great part, the history of every day, and every hour.—Have you sufficiently reflected, too, that *habits* (and it is with habits that we are now concerned,) are acquired, not from circumstances of rare occurrence, however prominent, or striking, but rather from the diminutive incidents of daily life, *seem* they as contemptible as they may. From habit, as before remarked, arises discipline; and by discipline we are schooled to the sublimest efforts, whether of knowledge, or of virtue.

Sen. junr. By what you have now said, my dear brother, you have removed my only remaining difficulty; and by so doing, have crowned my obligations to you for having forced me out of the crooked path in which I was wandering, into the direct road of happiness,—in which I have next to try how

stedfastly I can persevere. "Video meliora, proboque," is, at least, a favourable omen.

Sen. senr. As such, I most cordially hail it; —the real character of the *augury*, however, as you have yourself observed, will be better determined at a future period, when you shall have made some progress in the *Sacrifice* to Patience which you have in hand.—For the present, Samuel, you will, I dare say, think it is quite time that we should look a little after your poor fellow-sufferer Mr. Testy, whose voice I am very happy to hear, (and, for once, with a *mute* upon it,) in the next room. I will first, if possible, persuade him, as I have so happily persuaded you, to disband, on his part, those imaginary Myrmidons, which you have both so long been arming against yourselves—*(Sen. junr. smiles ruefully)*—and should I unexpectedly succeed in this, I will next attempt to kindle in your minds a favourable disposition towards a new scheme which has occurred to me with regard to your great subject; a scheme for which even you are, at present, I fancy, very little prepared;—it is no other than that of

presenting your woeful collections, together with the substance of our present dialogue, to the public, in the character of a MORAL JEST-BOOK.

FINIS.

——————" ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?" *Hor.*

Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 010 227 949 9